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NEW STATESMAN

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Mark's Last Stand

When Sir Robert Mark, the brilliantly self-educated and notably determined former Chief Constable of Leicester, was finally created Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police in 1972, the appointment was much admired. Even more so was his ostentatiously expressed intention to do away with police corruption. It all seemed admirable. But what has proved to be less than admirable – and could possibly prove disastrous – is his apparent conviction that only he (or men employed and trained by him) are capable of invigilating the Force. Sir Robert took over as the clean-up man, and the image seems to have gone to his head. No outsider, he insists, is competent to judge the police. Indeed, he prefers to retire rather than see that happen.

Sir Robert has made his voice heard in high places – so much so that the criticism coming even from Tory MPs is that the new Police (Complaints) Act, passed last Friday, is too soft, too internal. Too many compromises have been made along the way towards what was to have been a simple, obviously democratic matter – that the police should be publicly accountable for their behaviour, just like anyone else. Police ability to cover up failings is nothing new; and public inability to question them has been a scandal for years. To be fair, many – perhaps most – policemen regret this. Thirteen years ago, in 1963, Mr Ben Whitaker wrote (in his Penguin book on *The Police*) that there was wholesale covering-up and even fabrication of evidence by several police officers in a particular case in Sheffield. 'The violence,' Mr Whitaker stated confidently, 'was unanimously condemned by the police themselves, but the glimpse that inquiry gave of the police's investigation of that case made everybody in the country, with the apparent exception of the Home Secretary, realise that independent inquiries are inevitable.'

Nobody, certainly not a sceptical station sergeant or a cynical copper on the beat, would credit the findings of an inquiry – into a mental hospital, a ministry or the Cabinet Office – if the proceedings were held under the auspices of the institution concerned. Journalists and editors, whose profession is invigilated by a series of tame and self-serving bodies, have good reason to know how ineffectual and spineless such a procedure can be. And the effect on public opinion is to lower its expectation of a square deal, isolating the police force still further from general sympathy. If a decent and fair system of open inquiries could be instituted, we might not even have to rely on the good coppers, like Sir Robert, rising to the top once in a generation. The old conundrum of *quis custodiet* has no definite answer, but nobody ever suggested that it would be the *custodes*.

But, a decade after Sheffield, the proposals of the Police Act reach few of the then hoped-for objectives. The procedure does not seem to be just – nor is it likely to command public confidence. It consists, basically, of a tribunal chaired by a chief police officer assisted by two laymen. It is not independent of the police – indeed, any approach to it has to be made through the police. (How many people will find themselves able or willing to go to their friendly neighbourhood station?) Its proceedings will be so confidential that the public is unlikely to feel that a complaint has been fully and impartially investigated.

And the complaints considered are likely to be only the minor ones. Any major allegations of crime and corruption, for example, will go directly to the police and then be passed on to the Director of Public Prosecutions: which is to say that they will by-pass the Police Complaints Board. The PCB can only be approached if the DPP decides not to proceed in a particular case. Far from putting the police in double jeopardy, as has been alleged, the Act seems to put them in very little jeopardy at all. The *Guardian* has estimated that out of an average 20,000 complaints per year the tribunal is likely to take up a mere 20 cases. It is a smooth attempt at solving a serious problem which might iron out some of the most glaring folds of justice while leaving the rest as creased as ever. It threatens to prove a typically English form of compromise – well-meaning, and ultimately ineffectual.

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Spotlight on Politics

Christopher Hitchens

The Tories' Freedom Ride

Last October Tony Benn delivered a warning to the Labour Party which, while not much remarked on at the time, has since been quoted by several Tories as perceptive and even prophetic. 'Mrs Thatcher,' he said, 'is not so stupid. She is opening up guerrilla raids behind our lines, to try to reopen questions that were settled 25, 50 or even 100 years ago – whether we shall have a welfare state or not.' The atmosphere of late Wilson and early Callaghan has not been particularly sharp or invigorating, but nor has it been so soporific as to obscure the fact that Toryism has gone on the attack and – exempting the sullen grunts from Edward Heath's Avignon – has not obviously lost by it. From the provision and sale of council houses, through comprehensive education, public expenditure, race, welfare, taxation and defence, areas long considered 'safe' have come under heavy and often successful offensives.

Ideology has never been exactly a favourite with the Tories, and probably is not as important in shaping Mrs Thatcher's opinions as many people believe. But there is an important coincidence between the widespread and general distrust of state power and the rediscovery of 'free market' ideas and appeals by the Conservative Party. Next month, the leader sets off for Australia and New Zealand on a speaking tour hosted by the new and unsentimental Conservative regimes in those countries. She is hoping to repeat their success in demoralising and 'rolling back' social democracy. And while she is away there will be no shortage of Tory speakers to emphasise such dangers as the corporate state, the closed shop and the principle of universality in health and education. Many people object to the way in which such different headings as scroungers, say, or juvenile illiterates are lumped together with pay beds, corporation tax and the Warsaw Pact. But they miss the point, which is that a mood of reaction is held to be setting in, and only needs a slight articulation to become a movement.

As the race issue has shown, it is possible to reap benefits from public opinion without having any clear or new policy. Changes in atmosphere will lead to electoral benefits for the Tories anyway; it is enough to be the party which 'understands' white grievances (and keeps quiet when they turn nasty). But on the social and political front there *is* an attempt being made to work out a consistent theory. It can be traced through its house organs – the increasingly Joseph-oriented *Daily Mail* and *Daily Telegraph*, whose leader and feature columns now reflect a much more developed commitment to pure capitalist ideas. It can be detected through the smokescreen of right-wing wits and sages – Robert Conquest, Kingsley Amis, Bernard Levin – who are increasingly part of the 'public expenditure equals tyranny and waste' persuasion, and one of whom (Conquest) has been assisting Mrs Thatcher on her foreign policy remarks: these being designed to echo and magnify the reverberations of Solzhenitsyn. Crucially it can be seen in the response to the failures of the education system, where the reaction against 'progressive' teaching and the management of large educational bodies, like Tameside or the Inner London Education Authority, has given the Conservatives what is arguably their strongest lever.

Surveyed as a theory, the efforts of Sir Keith Joseph and his entourage are badly flawed. They fail the elementary intellectual test of being able to give an honest account of the opposing view. Whether writing in *The Times* or declaiming from a platform, Joseph cannot seem to help himself. As far as he is concerned, state intervention and socialism are the same thing. This does have two advantages – both of them propagandistic. One is that quite a lot of voters are prone to make the same identification when it comes to, say, the dismal performance of British Rail. The second is that our civilisation and its discontents can be explained by reference to the one handy portmanteau term – socialism – and one convenient bogy, the state.

One of the abiding 'intellectual' influences on the Tory monetarists, Josephites, call them what you will (and we must have a generic title from them before long), is Milton Friedman, who recently stated on British television that the trouble was:

> If you're going to do good with somebody else's money, there are two things involved in that. In the first place, to do good with somebody else's money, you first have to get the money. That means that *force and coercion are at the very centre of the welfare state idea.* [My italics.]

The two themes, 'do-gooding' and 'somebody else's money' are, indeed, at 'the very centre' of the new Toryism. Their cynicism about political measures to improve the general lot has, of course, always been present. But it now becomes a dominant strain, with, as above, the idea of a Big Brother to give it added zest. The notion of 'somebody else's money' is really the heart of the matter. The Tories affect to believe that individuals will not only spend money more rationally if unregulated and left to themselves; they also believe that social benefits will thereby be maximised (which is presumably why Friedman took on the job of advising Barry Goldwater in 1964).

The theory or idea has internal complications of its own, which make it hard for a traditional authoritarian party like the Conservatives to assimilate, or indeed to sell in the market place. For instance, Sir Keith Joseph has used the term 'social market economy' (derived from German neo-liberalism) to try to make laissez-faire ideas sound more humane and socially responsible. But the actual originators of his belief system, like Friedman and Hayek, explicitly reject the whole 'social' idea. As Samuel Brittan points out in his *Capitalism and the Permissive Society*, the phrase is 'not only vague and confusing, but risks giving the impression that there are such things as higher purposes over and above the purposes of individuals'. Which would never do.

The new 'freedom' theme engages rather better with public feeling and with at least some traditional Tory prejudices when it comes to the problem of state power and its limits. Men like John Biffen, who have been arguing this line of policy for years, understand perfectly well that the natural instinct of the capitalist is to combine and not to compete. They see the men of the business world much as Mr Benn sees them; anxious to get their cash flow from the politicians and then demand all the benefits of free enterprise when it comes to revenue and profit. They see 'The 39 Neddies' endlessly and boringly regulating away. They see trade unions acting as sub-contractors for the state, thereby able to stress security rather than income and thus make their contribution to industrial stagnation. The idea of the corporate state – boardroom blackshirts hand in glove with trade union brasshats – appals them (and not only them). The answer is to let capitalism have its head: sound money, a balanced budget, lower direct taxation and greater individual discretion about the spending of personal income on social and educational choices. An example often given with glee is that of the highly paid oil-rig workers in the North Sea who demand that BUPA provisions are written into their union contracts. Such men, it is calculated, will not be mad keen to have their tax money spent on adventure playgrounds for West Indian children in Birmingham.

Inequality? 'The price we pay for freedom.' Unemployment? 'The price we pay for sound money.' Poverty? 'The price we pay for rewarding the risk-takers.' If it seems that the new Toryism is trying to look after its own in the middle class, to redress the effect of inflation on suburb and shire, to stress the freedoms which come with a certain level of income, that just might be a fair criticism. The battle lines are being clearly drawn between those who think that Britain suffers from too little socialism and those who believe that we already suffer from too much.

(James Fenton is on holiday.)

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Donald Woods

Vorster in Retreat

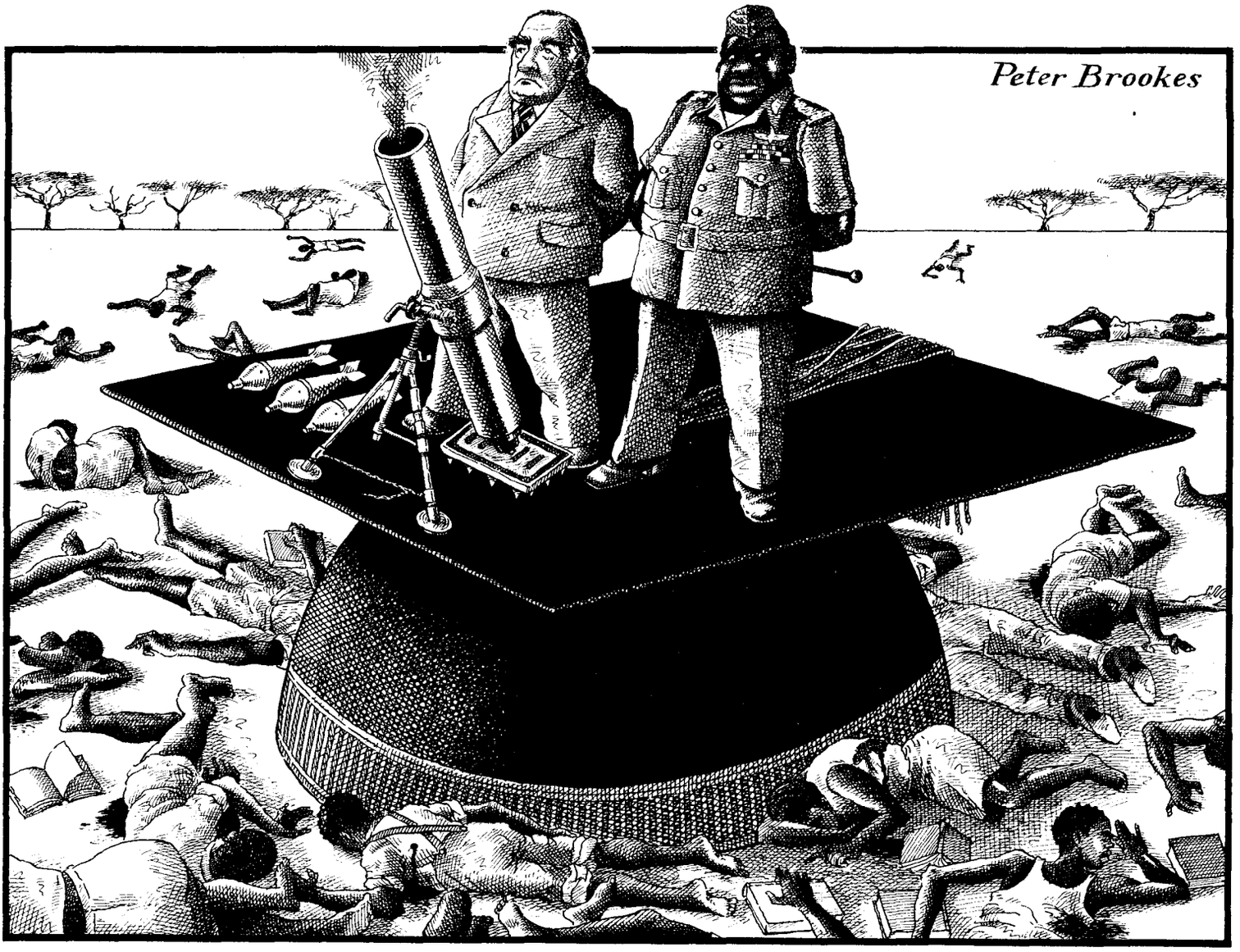
Soweto is burning again, two months after the first outbreak of violence there, and this time there is a general feeling throughout South Africa that even if the present sporadic flames are doused the fires will spring up again and again until the angry young blacks of the Witwatersrand township get what they want.

And what do they want? Well, it is more than what they wanted last time. At that time they wanted an end to the use of Afrikaans as a language of instruction in their schools, but that is no longer an issue because Afrikaans was promptly withdrawn as a language of instruction after the first flare-up. And while what they want now hasn't been clearly articulated by whatever leaders are initiating the burnings and stonings, it is pretty generally acknowledged among most whites that the target this time is apartheid itself – the entire statutory structure of race discrimination initiated 28 years ago by the Nationalist Government.

Most of the Nationalist leaders have remained oddly silent through it all, and the few who have ventured to comment have ranged from the bombastic to the absurd. The bombast came from Justice Minister James Kruger, who set his jaw grimly at the weekend and proclaimed: 'If the parents of Soweto can't control their children, I will.' Easier said than done. When 17,000 Sowetons marched along the main highway last week stating their destination as John Vorster Square, police headquarters in central Johannesburg, Mr Kruger's men were able to close the highway and disperse the marchers. But what will happen if next time the marchers take the normal commuter trains and buses into the city early one morning in their capacity as workers, then start their demonstrations in the heart of the city?

One of the sillier statements emanating from Nationalist ranks came from a rural Member of Parliament Mr H. van der Walt, who told the annual congress of the Afrikaner Jeugbond (youth league) that the Soweto riots had been masterminded from Moscow. Perhaps Mr van der Walt's words may cause a prideful swelling of the chest of some obscure commissar in a dim back office of the Kremlin – but only if he is as credulous as the Jeugbonders and many of their adult counterparts. For it is a fact that many Nationalists appear to be drawing some strange comfort from their theory that the rage in Soweto isn't spontaneous. Vice-President S. P. Botha said last week in comforting tones that the vast majority of South Africa's blacks are law-abiding, and that the trouble is only being caused by a small active minority. As Churchill might have said: 'Some minority . . . some activity.'

In their steadfast determination not to see the wood for the trees, these Nationalist spokesmen are clearly overlooking the covert and often overt support for the students among large numbers of black workers, who would soon put the youngsters in their place if they resented them enough. The fact is, however, that even the 'respectable' black leaders acknowledged by the Government ('Homelands' leaders and members of 'urban Bantu councils') while condemning violence have in the next breath acknowledged the need for a new deal for blacks and emphasised the genuine existence of real resentment in the townships.



The Mortar-board

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Yet though these men are generally rejected as leaders by the angry young blacks, and by many of their parents, they are so far the only black spokesmen to whom the Government is prepared to speak.

After the first Soweto riots I was telephoned by a prominent man highly regarded in official government circles, who said: 'Look, you say we aren't speaking to the right leaders. Tell me who they are. Give me a name, and I will communicate it to the cabinet and see if they'll speak to him.' I gave him the name of Kenneth Rachidi, president of the Black People's Convention. Ten days later Kenneth Rachidi was detained in a security swoop and is still being held without charge. When I told Kenneth's friends of my call they burst out laughing. 'That's terrific. The more detentions the better. It all helps the struggle.'

Be that as it may, the 'struggle' is undeniably spreading. Rioting has at various times broken out in centres far beyond Johannesburg and as far afield as Capetown, Port Elizabeth, King William's Town and Pietersburg. In Capetown the rioters were students of the coloured university of the Western Cape, who issued a statement identifying themselves with the black militants.

Radio broadcasts generally played down the unrest somewhat, accompanying each bulletin with an official assurance that 'the situation is under control'. In spite of repeated statements that everything would be back to normal soon, however, the various township trouble spots kept simmering, and by Tuesday Minister Kruger let it be known that he was prepared to grant an interview to the chairman of the Soweto Black Parents Association, Dr Manas Buthelezi. But Mr Kruger qualified this by saying the situation would have to return to normal first. 'I will not grant an interview while the rioting is going on,' he stated. 'If the students think they can get concessions by rioting they are making a big mistake.'

It might be Mr Kruger who is making the big mistake, however, because the normally unbending Minister of Bantu administration, Mr M. C. Botha – whose refusal to consider initial objections to Afrikaans language instruction in schools had a great deal to do with the first riots – has now said he will consider some sort of scheme for autonomy in the black townships.

Prime Minister Vorster, who had maintained a long and mysterious silence throughout the new wave of disturbances, broke it on Tuesday to say that the 'general situation' was under control, that South Africa's enemies were trying to fan internal tensions and that the Government's door 'is open to hear grievances', but that the Government 'will certainly not be railroaded into panic action'.

The major factor inhibiting the Government in its genuine wish to relax apartheid in the sports and social spheres has been a by-election in the obscure rural constituency of Marico. There the governing Nationalists have been opposed by the extreme right-wing Herstigte Nasionale Party led by the breakaway cabinet minister, Dr Albert Hertzog. The Herstigtes are violently opposed to the Vorster government, believing it to be 'too liberal' in 'handing over "homelands" to the blacks', in putting pressure on the Smith regime in Rhodesia to settle that particular crisis and in 'planning to sell out the white man in South West Africa and in the Republic itself'. Even within the National Party there are rumblings against the 'liberal inclinations' of Mr Vorster. (Lewis Carroll, you should be living at this hour!) Mr Vorster has therefore been waiting for the outcome of the Marico poll (result due Thursday 12 August) to decide how far he can go in permitting any reforms. The trouble is that the Vorster Government's idea of reforms falls woefully short of the reforms demanded by the militant blacks who spearheaded the present unrest, so whether or not Nationalists wait breathless on the fate of the Marico poll to determine how far they can move in relaxing the present apartheid rigidity, indications remain that whatever Mr Vorster feels moved to concede will once again be written off as too little, too late.

East London

David Tonge

The Oil-Dark Seas of Greece

The beaches of Lesbos are not as crowded as the islanders had hoped. Instead of tourists' tents you are liable to find pillboxes while the locals make helpful remarks such as 'They just lost two mines here.' These caused two or three deaths in 1974 but they are not the only casualties in the saga of the *Sismik*.

Aegean crises are fast on their way to becoming a regular summer fixture and this third one had its elements of farce, particularly when the good ship *Sismik 1*, late the *Hora*, disappeared for four days and concerned Greek papers suggested its sailors were seasick. There have been cartoons of it too, with minarets instead of funnels and belly dancers on deck weaving in front of pashas smoking hookahs. But even if it seemed a vessel of doubtful expertise looking for oil of uncertain existence, the anxieties were genuine enough, in Washington and Nicosia, as well as Athens and Ankara.

The alliance of Greece and Turkey has long been an unnatural one. Only once have they fought beside each other, in Korea. Closer at home, their relationship can be gauged from those engravings of 'Turkey in Europe' as the maps of the Ottoman *Vilayets* grow more recent: first the Morea, then Candia and then Rumelia disappear. The last gain for Greece was as recently as 1947 when its sop for its wartime sacrifices was the Dodecanese. The Italians had snatched these from the Sultan in 1912 and the complaints that Turkey then made at their being given to Greece were the same as it makes now – that the unbroken arc of Greek islands constitutes both barrier and threat.

Neither country believes the other is happy with the present 'balance' in the Aegean. Their communist parties' talk of brotherhood are drowned by the more outspoken stands of Ecevit and Papandreou. These both exhort their countries' governments to more active foreign policies. There are inevitably chauvinists to spare. In Greece those officers who call on Greece to march on Constantinople are no longer the integral part of government they were in junta times. But in Turkey one deputy prime minister, the Cypriot-born Alparslan Turkesh, lays claim to all islands within 30 miles of the Turkish shore. His voice, like that of those few Greek officers, is admittedly that of the raw rump of reaction but it is only two years since the Turks 'proved their expansionist tendencies' in Cyprus.

For all the scanning and citing of the Geneva convention on the seabed, the real issue is a wider one. To the Turkish Establishment, the isles that crown the Aegean deep are Trojan horses. They give Greece the opportunity of restricting Turkey's exits to the open seas by doubling its territorial waters. They disturb the 'balance' established by Curzon, Inönu and Venizelos in Lausanne in 1923. They allow the Greeks to make claims to the Anatolian continental shelf. And they are possible military staging posts.

Show us good faith and a few compromises, Ankara says, and all will be sweet reasonableness. But Mr Karamanlis fears the thin end of the Turkish wedge. Ankara, he wrote in May, gives him the impression that it seeks to include the islands 'within a zone of exclusively Turkish economic and strategic interest'. The international mood may not presently favour Turkey but Greek officials know that Turkey is considered more valuable than Greece by both the US and USSR. Allowing the islands to be cut off today from the Greek mainland by Turkish seabed or Turkish airspace is thus seen as tantamount to losing them tomorrow.

The latest crisis is hotting up again, but each time the war games begin the unburied dead from past disputes begin to rattle in the cupboard. Next time the arguments could again be over the seabed, or be over Cyprus, the Moslem minority in Thrace or Greece's 'militarisation' of the Aegean.

Intentionally or not, a strategy of tension appears to be being played out. The victors in this are neither the Greeks nor the Turks. The two sides have both created Aegean military commands and defence accounts for a mounting share of their budgets. Their arms race is costly – yet both still have weaponry which is largely outdated by great-power standards and can be better used against each other than their nominal northern enemy. When Turkey talks of building an atom bomb – in 1984, according to one deputy prime minister – Athens pays more attention than Moscow.

A second area affected by the tension has been Cyprus. There each throb of Aegean *angst* reminds the Greek Cypriots that if there is war they will be the first to suffer.

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But with peace too they lose if their cause is linked to the Aegean as they fear having to make the compromises which no Greek government could make to Turkey over the Aegean.

Homer blamed Apollo for the feud which led to the Trojan war but today it is the great powers which have become the *dei ex machina*. In 1774 it was the Tsar's Baltic fleet which, sailing by Gibraltar, incited the Greeks against the Turks – or so Turkish diplomats write. Today it is hard to ascribe such acts to the *Kiev*, particularly with Soviet influence in Greece as low as ever. But in Turkey Moscow has made some headway towards achieving one of its major aims – keeping Turkey neutral in time of conflict and thus ensuring the Straits are open to its fleet. (In war it could always seize them but one nuclear bomb and the Dardenelles are closed permanently.)

Tension between Greece and Turkey draws troops away from the Bulgarian border yet Nato too has had cause to feel things are improving. In March Dr Kissinger signed a four-year defence agreement with Turkey – and Greece raced to demand one to 'restore the balance'. Now in July the US has been directly involved in the urging which helped Greece and Turkey to back away from confrontation. For all the popular anti-Americanism, the US's diplomatic presence has thus been reasserted. This has also happened in Cyprus, where at the height of the 'crisis' Spiros Kiprianou, the new heir to the Archbishop's blessing, talks of the West being in the best position to put pressure on Turkey.

These gains cause the Greek communists to accuse Nato of 'manipulating the threads of tension' but such a policy is noticeably absent from a study made for the CIA and US joint chiefs of staff by the cold warriors in the Strategic Studies Centre of the Stanford Research Institute. This argued that for the next decade Turkey would be Greece's main enemy. Made just after elections had confirmed Karamanlis in power, it explored whether the US should 'encourage changes in the structure and individuals in the Greek Government' in order to 'remove from key posts the more intransigent anti-Turkish elements'.

The study found that Congress and world opinion might prevent 'the consistent implementation of [this] tough line'. It thus proposed the 'soft line' – admitting in private the 'blunders' of July 1974, trumpeting of Bulgarian expansionism, personal initiatives by Dr Kissinger over Cyprus and exploiting Greece's wish to join the EEC by bringing pressure on Greece, through members of the EEC, to rectify its relationship with Nato.

The fact that such options are the sport of the think tanks in Arlington, Virginia, explains why some Greeks wonder if there isn't a 'medium line' too – and the *Sismik* is sailing it. But on Lesbos at least there are some locals who have their own explanation – that the crisis was staged from beginning to end by Demirel in particular but Karamanlis too to keep the domestic lid on.

Which is why during this year's Odyssey of the *Sismik* parts of the front line in Greece have been considerably calmer than the rear.

Athens

John Kenneth Galbraith

America's Undercover Coalition

Although it is in conflict with normal partisan expression, I believe that most of the road-company Republicans gathered at Kansas City next week would like to see the United States well and honourably regarded in the world. They are against lavishing money on palpably useless public hardware and aiding the enrichment of the already affluent and, on balance, are opposed to war and nuclear extinction. They rightly refer to themselves as God-fearing people but do not wish to advance unduly the day when they reap their eventual reward.

Though all of this must be believed, no one would have imagined it during these past six months. The two Republican candidates, the President of the United States and my old liberal colleague, the former Governor of California, have been engaged in a stalwart, unyielding and bitter competition to see who can the more convincingly articulate the policies that would most ensure dislike of the United States by its neighbours, waste the most money on weapons which, if used, would kill people that are already several times dead – an admittedly difficult concept – and most stimulate the attitudes that would help produce that euthanasia.

It was a damaging and disgraceful competition – and not less so for being politically disastrous to Gerald Ford, whom it has left among the walking wounded. But it is a competition that all citizens, and especially all American Democrats, must understand. It was motivated by what is incomparably the most powerful lobby in the United States – in fact, a union of forces. One of its strengths has been its shadowy identification. I've proposed that we give it explicit standing in our politics;

it is the Nationalism/Anti-Communism/Warfare Coalition which has the not undescriptive acronym of NAW. Ford and Reagan were bidding for the support of NAW, although Ronald Reagan has some right to regard himself not as a supplicant but as a charter member. But the Nationalism / Anti-Communism / Warfare Coalition is a force that Democrats need to understand, for, as rich but awful experience reveals, it can be brought powerfully to bear on us. Indeed, we are being pressed by it now, and some Democrats, as ever, are mistaking its cheers for popularity.

For all Democrats (and for many Republicans) the coalition offers an unvarying choice. By yielding a little to threat or persuasion in the short run, it commits them to policies that ensure their extinction in the slightly longer run. It is no comfort that the country and possibly the planet could one day share this more limited demise.

The forces that comprise the Nationalism/Anti-Communism/Warfare Coalition include, first of all, a considerable minority of men and women of conservative instinct who consider themselves, as we all are entitled to do, the natural guardians of moral values and national ideas. (Their moral certainty, far exceeding that of liberals, is itself a wonderful source of strength.) They are open to any appeal, however ill-motivated, which is in the name of national purpose. All who are concerned with the disastrous consequences of the coalition should remember that it enrols many very good people whom it uses and egregiously misuses. There are not enough wicked people to make up a force as strong as we are here considering.

The second group in the coalition includes the militant, frightened, motivated or catatonic anti-communists. Many things contribute to a full-time preoccupation with communism of which a simple-minded love for private property and income is doubtless the strongest. But ethnic and other experience with communism is important; so is the evangelical conviction that, with sufficient fervour, we can somehow redeem the Soviet Union for civil liberties; and so is the powerful residue of Cold War indoctrination. So too is the continuing belief that anti-communism is a useful form of rabble-rousing, an excellent way of forcing vulnerable liberals to rush for cover. The Russians, as they should know, regularly turn a helping hand by an ill-conceived enterprise of one sort or another.

This anti-communism does not allow of practical coexistence as does that of the many Americans – I am one – who would find it inconvenient to live under either Soviet or Chinese arrangements. It sees communism as the only problem of foreign policy, its ambitions as the only constant in international change, military opposition as the only possible posture.

People of more practical view – the great

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majority of Americans by any calculation – have lately underestimated the power of the absolutist anti-communist position. It was temporarily under a cloud after its disaster in Vietnam. And it was also rendered bereft by the defection of that prime cold-warrior, Richard Nixon, to the side of a more workable relationship with the Soviet Union and the People's Republic of China. But we now see that this was a temporary eclipse. With the disappearance of Nixon, the consequent availability for attack of the far more vulnerable figure of Henry Kissinger and with the fading memory of Vietnam, the old-fashioned anti-communist crusaders are once again gathering power in the land.

The Weapons Lobby

Finally in this coalition is the great bureaucratic and legislative power of the military establishment, the great financial power of the weapons industry. Patriotism provides the moral foundation, anti-communism the fear, the weapons industry the essential economic base. It has also something more, which is continuity. Critics of the union of the military and the weapons industry come and go; even President Eisenhower came forward to express his grave concern over the power involved. But the economic interest goes on forever. Those politicians who depend on it never lack for support, not often for money. The weapons for which much of the money goes have nothing to do with our safety, less to do with national defence. The manned bomber nearly all accept to be obsolete; it is needed either for undefended targets such as North Vietnam or because an air force must have aeroplanes in which to fly. The great aircraft carriers perpetuate the memory of the dinosaur in the age of missiles. They would have merit for an intervention in Angola but in a conflict with the Soviet Union they would be rushed to the nearest beach, and not many would make it. As to missiles: 'At last count, the United States, if it unleashed its arsenal, could destroy the Soviet Union 44 times over, and the Soviet Union could destroy the United States at least 22 times over.' Lest anyone suppose these calculations have a partisan bias, they are from the 1976 lecture by Senator Charles McC. Mathias, Jr, Republican of Maryland, honouring Alfred M. Landon, the 1936 Republican candidate for President of the United States.

The Coalition for Nationalism/Anti-Communism/Warfare is obviously a force of unique power. Yet it also has weaknesses. It is in conflict with the elementary desire of most people to live. And while it has short-run rewards for those politicians who are part of it, it destroys those who appease it. That is because those who wish to live come very soon to see or sense the dangers of blind, military, economic and chauvinist power. However it may be regretted by the coalition, this instinct for life persists. The hopes of Barry Goldwater, in many respects a most decent man, came to an end in 1964 when people came to the conclusion that his finger might be loose on the trigger. Being a general in the Air Force Reserve did not help. Douglas MacArthur, from the very heart of the coalition, was an earlier casualty. The same disaster on a smaller scale overtook George Wallace when he hooked up with Curtis LeMay. Democrats, to whom I will come in a moment, are much more vulnerable.

The coalition also runs into the difficulty that most Americans do not perceive communism as much of a threat within the borders of the Republic, as the more militant anti-communists regularly and imaginatively aver. And they rightly doubt that in the Soviet Union the faith is so militant that it includes a suicide wish. Some at least recall that it was Khrushchev who first proclaimed the impossibility of war in a nuclear age. More know that Russians know that, as between communist and free enterprise ashes after a nuclear exchange, no difference could be perceived even by Ronald Reagan, and Ronnie too would be dead.

That this reality requires us to work with the Soviets to reduce the risk of incineration and the costs of arranging for it is a plausible thought well within the mental range of the best-educated people in the world. To suppose otherwise is to mistake the raucous and motivated cheers of the coalition for the great, good judgment of Americans at large. This, however, is not difficult to do. On many things – taxes, the demand for public services, justice for minorities – we regularly confuse the voice of an articulate, affluent and highly motivated minority with that of the masses.

Herein lies the danger to the politician. His temptation is always to appease the coalition, perhaps even outbid its own members for support. That was Gerald Ford's effort during this past year – forget détente; keep Kissinger out of sight, difficult as that might be; increase the defence budget and go for the B-1 and a bigger navy; get tough on Panama and Angola. The result was only to affirm the coalition in support of Reagan and lose the President the support of the larger number of calm and intelligent Republicans who knew better.

Price of Comfort

But the lesson is even stronger for Democrats. The coalition brings a fearsome power to bear upon our political co-religionists. We, after all, are thought far more inimical to the interests of the coalition than the Republicans. Many members of NAW have always had difficulty distinguishing Mill from Marx and Keynes from Lenin and Franklin D. Roosevelt from Joseph Stalin. It is tempting, if not to outbid the coalition like Gerald Ford, at least to yield enough to avoid the Jovian bolts. One avoids being called weak, unpatriotic, pro-communist, indifferent to the needs of national security, a patsy for the Russians. Better avoid rocking the boat on the defence budget, stand firm against the power of Panama, Russia and China. One is then a stand-up guy, and thus, by an engaging twist in affairs, by being a coward one can seem brave. The price of comfort in the short run is always for Democrats a slow (but sometimes rapid) political death in the longer run.

Very often, to our credit, we have resisted the warlike pressures of the NAW. It once wanted a crossing of the Yalu; and support for a descent by Chiang Kai-shek on the mainland, although Chiang was probably more cautious than they. And it urged intervention in Laos and continued intervention in Cambodia. And in Europe it was for tearing down the Wall. And its inside men strongly urged armed intervention in Cuba to rescue the expeditionary force at the Bay of Pigs. And it wanted the ABM and no restrictions on nuclear testing and fall-out. And it wanted a bold stand, whatever that may have meant, in Angola. It would be difficult, though not quite impossible, to find anyone today who, with the benefit of hindsight, would hold any of these enterprises to have been wise. History has dropped a merciful curtain over the memory of those who urged these insanities. We do remember gratefully and celebrate those – Fulbright, Harriman, McGovern, Hatfield, Nelson, Kennedy, Tunney – who led the battles against one or another of these insanities. (My list omits active candidates.) In the longer run we do reward good sense and restraint.

Failures of Fear

But on fatal occasions we did yield to the pressure of the coalition. Arguably it twice cost the Democratic Party the presidency. In the spring of 1952, as Harry Truman affirmed, we could have had peace in Korea on the same terms as were later accepted. It was refused, and mostly because of fear of the clamorous attack that could be expected from the coalition. Appeasement. A sell-out. That autumn Ike electrified the country with his promise to go to Korea. He accepted the settlement Democrats had rejected. It was an imperfect peace. But Eisenhower recognised, as the American people recognised and as Democrats did not, that an imperfect peace is better than a bad war.

Vietnam was an even clearer case, and it brought us not Eisenhower but Nixon. At every step in the long descent into the quagmire it seemed easier to go a bit further than to face the raucous fury of the coalition that would come from calling a halt. Lyndon Johnson, who should have been remembered as one of our best presidents, was urged along to destruction by men who feared (as did LBJ) that they would not be called brave. The political beaches are now covered with their bodies. Those who faced up to the coalition – who preferred the larger, more mature reward of the people – survived.

The coalition is politically important in its damage. In the past six months it has inflicted mortal wounds on the Republicans, made the Democrats the party of peace. But in the months ahead all of us will be candidates for its attention and fury once more. Indeed, it is already at work on the vulnerable. We are already being told that South Africa and Rhodesia are the next great areas of Soviet conquest. We do not intervene there to save Ian Smith and apartheid – one must protect the decencies on these matters. Intervention is the practical answer to Russian colonialism. Why this colonialism would be accepted by that black community in preference to that of other white men and reversing Soviet experience in China, Egypt and Indonesia is not explained. The coalition, when it sets out to frighten, does not quibble over details. And

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we are being urged to abandon efforts to extend détente, widen the understanding on arms limitation and redirect resources to our mouldering cities in favour of a reckless, unthinking confrontation and an all-out arms race that has as its prime component only greater magnitudes of overkill.

I do not think this effort will succeed. The Reagan-Ford competition for coalition applause has made things seem worse this year than they are. Also the voice of the coalition was unnaturally muted after its Vietnam disaster. Sooner or later it was bound to be heard again in the land. But, as Democrats, we will be helped in our resistance if we have in mind what happened to those who subordinated calm, good judgment to their fear of the coalition. They do not necessarily win its support. But they rarely retain the support of the people. That is because, whatever the incitements of the moment, people do want to live, and they do want the United States to be well-regarded. And for these ends there is no alternative in a nuclear age to quiet, continuing, patient negotiation, an acceptance of the fact that, however societies differ, all share a will to survive.

Tom Baistow

The Times After Thomson

Le Roy est mort – long live Crown Prince Kenneth's commitment to *The Times* and the *Sunday Times*! It was a fervent if tremulous shout that went up from the battlements of New Printing House Square last week as Lord Thomson of Fleet, the world's foremost collector of newspapers, was spirited off to those Scots-Canadian Happy Hunting Grounds where the real, original Max Aitken rages impotently at the remorseless decline of his beloved *Daily Express* under the aegis of his son and heir. At least the present Max has held on to his shrinking patrimony; the question worrying Thomson journalists is how long Roy's heir will put up with the massive handout from the family's holdings that has kept *The Times* from collapse.

The solemn pledge from Kenneth Thomson on *The Times*'s front page last week – 'he and his family are deeply committed to *The Times*. Substantial funds are being made available . . .' etc. may have looked to readers like a copper-bottomed guarantee, but it was a quote, not from a by-lined declaration by the new Lord Thomson himself but from a statement by Sir Denis Hamilton and it didn't calm the anxieties of senior Times Newspaper executives who fear that the new boss is more interested in collecting ivory carvings than newspaper titles, and that when Roy's dust has been allowed a decent time to settle – say, two years – and the death duties in both Britain and Canada have been paid (they could be heavy despite Roy's elaborate precautions to ensure that, if he couldn't take it with him, the Exchequer would get only what bright accountants couldn't salt away) that he may decide that the tricky, loss-making newspaper side of the empire cannot really be run from Toronto. For, despite all the rhetoric about his dedication to his father's faith in what the old boy insisted on calling 'that great British institution', Kenneth is no Roy, he has lived most of his 52 years in Toronto, and continues to live in Toronto despite his fashionable London address. Not least, Mrs Thomson loathes life in London. The fate of the Great Institution could turn on as simple a point as that.

Such anxious speculation may not be as neurotic as the usual alcohol-fired Fleet Street fantasies. Although both Roy and Kenneth Thomson told the Monopolies Commission, during the row about the take-over in 1966, that 'if it proved necessary, in order to keep *The Times* in being, they would be willing to put at its disposal the whole of their personal fortunes in this country', a new financial arrangement made in 1970 tends to make that pledge look less than eternal. 'Under the new arrangement,' said the 1970 announcement, '*The Times* . . . will be published by Times Newspapers Ltd, as agent for Thomson Scottish Associates Ltd, *under an agreement subject to annual review*, and under which TSA will pay the costs of operating *The Times* and will receive all income from such operations.' (My italics.)

If Kenneth should weaken there is, of course, a much wilder colonial boy who commutes ceaselessly from Sydney to New York to Bouverie Street in the cause of journalism and who might be tempted to make a bid for *The Times* and make the jealous Poms eat their verdict that he is just a money-obsessed gutter-press-snipe. Rupert Murdoch in fact toyed with the idea a few years ago, but dropped it in favour of his invasion of the US, where he now spends much of his time and entrepreneurial energy. In theory his ownership of the *Sun* and *News of the World* should automatically debar him from adding another national paper to his sub-Thomson stable, but in these days of Fleet Street crisis this is a gnat the Monopolies Commission would probably find it politic not to strain too hard at. Another potential bidder is the ubiquitous Sir James Goldsmith, for so long himself a provider of fascinating copy, who now makes no secret of his ambition to own a paper. He is said to feel he could restore the *Observer*'s fortunes and has been 'casing' Paris, where bankrupt papers are as common as printing strikes.

Despite the solemn ambience of national monument that still, mystifyingly, surrounds *The Times* in the public mind, either of these rather rakish figures would be in the real tradition of *Times* proprietors. After all, Northcliffe turned it from the Threepenny Thunderer into a penny pop in 1908, and when he finally went mad in 1922 it was an American multi-millionaire, John Jacob Astor, who rescued it for the Establishment. And when it went into the red in the Sixties under J.J.'s son Gavin it was another North American who 'saved' it, if that is the word. For, a decade later, after a transfusion of some £12m. and a disastrous attempt to turn the paper into a qualipop with a circulation of 500,000, *The Times* is back where it started, still broke, with a circulation that is actually smaller (312,000) and its bogus but widely accepted reputation as the authoritative voice of Britain now as dead as the Empire. (Ironically, it was the present editor who declared, in 1970, that 'the question for each national newspaper may be whether it can create for itself an audience inside clearly defined and homogeneous groups which are as clearly defined as the geographical audience'. The advertisers, he pointed out, 'want to reach a particular and not merely an imperfect cross-section of the community'. By trying to double *The Times*'s sales, Thomson ended up with a very imperfect cross-section.)

The Times was, next to his peerage, the proudest plume in Roy Thomson's hat, but it must look uncomfortably like an albatross feather to his son. Although it has been kept going from the family company's profits it has indirectly cramped the performance of its successful twin the *Sunday Times*. Times Newspapers Ltd reported in April that its trading profit had slumped from a £2.24m. surplus in 1974 to a £1.61m. deficit last year – figures that do not include *The Times*'s losses. The figures, however, provide a clue to the man who will be Kenneth Thomson's viceroy.

The editor-in-chief of the two papers is, of course, Sir Denis Hamilton, who since the onset of the late lord's illness has been moving back into the active editorial scene from the mounting of cultural enterprises like the 1776 exhibition at Greenwich which, curiously, rather than his services to journalism, gained him his recent knighthood. In practice, however, the editors of both papers, William Rees-Mogg of *The Times*, and (particularly) Harold Evans of the *Sunday Times*, have had virtual autonomy – until now at least. But the man at the centre of power is Gordon Brunton, the 54-year-old managing director and chief executive of the whole Thomson Organisation, who has been playing the key role since the ageing boss began to withdraw from the day-to-day control of his multifarious interests.

Brunton is believed – feared – to be much less interested in newspapers than in the more profitable divisions of the empire, such as Thomson Travel, which he ran for four years, and which contributed a £6.31m. surplus to the group kitty in 1975. Significantly, some think, he has commissioned a management consultant, Bill Cuthbertson, to study the set-up and performance of the two papers and report to him personally. In his *Who's Who* entry Brunton gives his recreation as 'Books'. But the uneasy cynics at New Printing House Square feel it should be 'The Books'. The books were, of course, Roy Thomson's favourite reading, but to his credit he gave his editors a free hand. The £12m. question is whether Brunton will decide this is a luxury the Organisation can no longer afford.

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D.S. Locke

Czechoslovakia's Drab Anniversary

The man in the philately shop looked over his spectacles at us, with the perpetual worried frown of the western Slavs. 'Recent Czech commemorative issues,' he said, displaying a page. One set was conspicuously cheaper than the rest. 'These don't sell very well,' was his only comment. The stamps commemorated the 30th anniversary of the Czechs' liberation by the Red Army in 1945. Thus, deadpan, with a resigned shrug, do the Czechs spend an anniversary of a different kind – their liberation by the fraternal armies of the Warsaw Pact on the night of 20 August 1968.

'We are an occupied country,' my friend K said as we left the shop, 'we make the kind of jokes an occupied people can.' K (as I shall call him) is as old as his country and has been as often betrayed. The time is past when he had hope that things would improve in his generation. It was not always so. When I first met him, I marvelled at his resilience. It was a dozen years ago, in Yugoslavia, high above the Bay of Kotor where the road begins its breathless descent to the sea. For him it was the first foreign holiday after the bad years of the Fifties. He was a Party official enjoying rehabilitation, having being a victim of one of the many vicious little sideshows to the Slansky trials. His crime was to have been a 'Westerner', to have spent the war in uniform in Britain, and therefore to have been a prime suspect for the sin of bourgeois nationalism when Gottwald's purges got under way.

None of it had altered his convictions. He had marched in the great demonstration of February 1948, which had forced the sick and broken Benes to accept the resignations of his non-communist ministers. He had welcomed the introduction of a proletarian dictatorship linked in friendship to the Soviet Union. Even in 1946 the Communist Party, to which he had belonged since he marched in that other great demonstration – against the Munich settlement – before the war, had polled 41 per cent of the votes. It had a mandate for what it did, whatever the price. When I mentioned the death of Jan Masaryk as part of that price he quoted Masaryk right back at me; the Czechs do not lie between East and West, they lie between Russia and Germany. That is their choice.

Next year in Prague I saw what he meant. Sitting with him in the 'U Fleku' beer garden, we were being deafened by the singing of West German tourists, who were then flooding back to the former protectorate of Bohemia. They meant no harm, but they were too many, and too noisy. Slowly and then more insistently, the Czechs began to sing in their turn, *My Prahu nedame* – a song meant to say: keep your hands off Prague. Germany remained the ancestral enemy.

In those years K was happy. He thought the Novotny regime could be pushed in the direction he wanted, a Czechoslovakia still linked with the Soviet Union but allowing the classical freedoms, enjoyed in the pre-war Republic, for the press and for the arts. The Prague Spring of 1968 seemed to prove K right. The Party had rejoined the people. Dubcek, with his strange melancholy face, like something out of a Slovak Disneyland, personified the human face of the Party. Novotny, of whom the Czechs had joked that he had had a cult of personality without a personality, was finished. K took me out through the last of the spring snow to Lany, where the Masaryks, father and son, lie buried, in contrast to the vulgar ostentation of their communist successors' mausoleum at Zizkov. The old president's unmistakable profile began to appear again in the shop windows in Prague. But K had no fears of a counter-revolution. The Czechs, he believed, would find their own way without that.

The Russians thought otherwise. When I saw him again he was consumed by anger. Anger at the Russians, deeper even than his hatred for the Germans who stole his youth. Anger at the West, at the squalid farce of the 1968 Chicago convention which had taken America's eyes away from Prague. Anger at the Czechs, who had not taken up arms, who had fought their battles with brave words and sullen defiance.

Now eight years later I have seen him again. His letters have been cautious, through intermediaries. Only once, after Harold Wilson's visit, has the anger in them erupted. Just as some physical diseases seem to restore the sufferer to a false youth, so he seems physically unchanged – even younger. But he has a terminal condition just the same. Hope has died within him, and he will tell you that there are a hundred thousand hidden reasons for it – unseen because the occupying army keeps discreetly out of Prague. He and his wife are no longer in the Party, and most of their friends have lost their jobs with their party cards.

K has become an internal exile. He believes little that he reads or hears. Events that stun the world, like the Israeli raid on Entebbe, are simply not reported until the line is established; so he listens to the BBC. Even news from Italian or British communist sources is a suspect source for the Czech press and radio, lest their uncomradely criticisms spread defeatism in what now passes for the craft of journalism. If you can turn a deft line in praise of the Mongolian People's Republic, its principled peace policy and support for the independence struggle against imperialism, you know you are safe. Such a press wins few friends. Nor does a television service which brings its exclusions to the point of, for example, excising the very name of the defector Navratilova from its account of the Wimbledon championships.

It is only when K drives out of Prague, under those drab and peeling shields which proclaim the glories of the recent 15th Party Congress, that he comes alive at all. The weekend house has become the space capsule of the internal exiles. On these little houses in the woods, not 40 miles from Prague, they lavish all their care for survival, furnishing them with the goods that vie with the Czech crown as currency. It is not that the Czechs are badly off, by Comecon standards: quite the contrary. Even K, in his disgrace, has his little car and his weekend hut. What has happened is that there are two standards – not just dubious young men hanging around the hotels and driving taxis who want hard currency, but a kind of universal barter system where you make up your salary in kind. A lawyer defends a client, and an imported radio will be the surcharge on his success. In his novel *The Guinea Pigs* (unpublished in Czechoslovakia) the disgraced writer Vaculik relates the fable of the state bank, from which everyone steals, and the proposal that they should stop is greeted with a kind of frozen horror. There is something of that in the air in modern Prague.

K used to revel in the cinema. Today he cannot bear to mention the Karlovy Vary Festival, or the absurd kind of morality tales that come from the obedient wordsmiths of the Writers' Union. And Milos Forman is in exile. The rumour has come down that the top party brass is studying *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* – not

Roger Woddis

A Docker's Farewell

Ta-ra then, love, the whistle's blowing,
I've got a job across the sea;
The Saudis, bless 'em all, are paying
Two hundred quid a week tax-free,
So kiss the kids and light a candle
For Mick and Auberon and me.

Just pack my hook and my pyjamas
And don't forget my working togs;
The geezers in the Gulf are calling,
Not to mention rabid dogs,
But pretty soon we'll clear the mortgage,
Once I am working for the wogs.

And I'll be true to you, my darling,
When I am grafting far away;
There won't be any time for boozing,
In any case it's banned, they say,
And seeing they're so medieval,
There won't be any bints to lay.

I shan't be sending for the union,
Although conditions will be rough;
There won't be double-time on Sundays
Or bonuses, which may sound tough.
But if the heat gets too oppressive,
I'll tell them that I've had enough.

I'll write you regular from Damman
And tell you how I'm getting on;
I know the job won't be a picnic,
So think of me when I am gone,
And pray, when you can spare a moment,
For Mick and me and Auberon.

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that it would win any prizes at Karlovy Vary. It takes a Czech to have that kind of insight about total institutions. The Husak government will be vigilant about such subversive stuff. It sees its own McMurphys in the unlikely form of suppressed pop groups – like the Plastic People of the Universe, recently given harsh sentences at Plzen for playing *in private*. The young can retreat into a revulsion from politics. A few hardy souls will join the Left opposition.

But what do you do if you are 58 years old, and are weary to the bone after giving your life to the Communist Party? As the drab little anniversary comes round again on 20 August, Dr Husak has a lot to answer for: 1938, 1948, 1968, the milestones roll by, for a people whose national motto and natural hope is that truth will prevail. It hasn't yet, and Dr Husak should know that out there in the twilight of his regime are people of his own generation who know despair. They have been a long time waiting.

Prague

Alex Pravda

The Polish Workers' Revolt

The sentencing in Warsaw of seven leaders of the recent workers' demonstrations against price increases marks the end of the latest episode in what is a long tradition of working-class protest in Poland. This time there was little of the violence, and none of the bloodshed, of the angry wave which brought down Gomulka in December 1970. Last June the workers showed their political power all the more convincingly by forcing the Government to withdraw the announced price increases merely by going through the motions of staging a few demonstrations and tearing up some railway lines.

What was interesting about this latest round of protest was that it occurred at all – after five years of a regime led by a man who came to power on the tide of worker opposition and who had made the workers' cause the central plank of his political platform. At first sight Gierek has done well by the Polish worker. As soon as he came to power in December 1970 he froze food prices at their original levels and lifted the wage restraints which had been imposed by the old leader Gomulka. Not only has the price of basic necessities remained almost frozen over the last five years, but food supplies have grown by over 70 per cent. The consumption of meat, which has traditionally been regarded by the Polish worker as the touchstone of his well being, has risen by over one third. As for income, the Polish worker has enjoyed a 40 per cent increase in his real wages, the fastest rate of growth in Eastern Europe; this stands in sharp contrast to the situation under Gomulka when Poland lagged behind all the other socialist countries. On these figures it appears that Polish leaders were justified when they told the workers that they have 'never had it so good'.

Yet there were several flaws in Gierek's achievement – which explain the reasons for this latest round of workers' protests. The first problem has been one of excessive speed – things have improved too fast and too haphazardly. As a self-styled workers' champion, Gierek found it difficult to resist popular pressure for ever-increasing material improvement. He now admits that he did not make sufficient allowance for the phenomenon of rising expectations. What was initially meant to be a package of temporary concessions to get the country out of political crisis soon became a permanent programme and things got out of hand: wages and consumption grew at double the planned rate.

In order to finance such massive increases in the workers' standard of living, Gierek adopted a policy of rapid economic expansion heavily dependent on Western credits. But by last year the problems involved in this strategy had become so acute that he was forced to tell Polish workers that the boom had come to an end, that wages would in future increase at half their existing rate and that every penny would have to be earned by higher productivity. Food prices could not stay frozen forever, the state could not carry the subsidies any longer and henceforth all prices would have to reflect real costs. Gierek and other leaders did, however, stress that price rises would be small and gradual and would in no way lower the workers' standard of living as they would be kept substantially below the level of wage increases.

Why, then, did the present Polish leaders, who have always made a great show of keeping in touch with working-class feeling by attending near-weekly factory meetings, make the mistake of embarking on anything more than the small and gradual price increases of which they had given advanced warning? The fact that they decided on price increases double those which brought down Gomulka in 1970 can only lead to two conclusions.

First, that the economic problems facing Gierek, particularly the trade deficit and foreign debt, were more acute than was generally thought. The planned price increases would, after all, have provided funds for stimulating agricultural production, particularly for export. Secondly, party and government leaders must have misread the workers' attitude; they in fact grossly overestimated the workers' willingness to sacrifice material benefits for the good of the national cause. This misunderstanding of the workers' relationship to the regime is not a chance error but stems from the leaders' refusal to recognise the existence of workers' alienation from the production process and thus from the whole Polish system. It is alienation – to employ an overworked but still useful term – which lies at the root of the Polish worker's lack of faith in the party and government and his unwillingness to subordinate his immediate material interests to 'the greater good'.

When Gierek came to power he himself deplored the Polish workers' indifference to, and lack of involvement in, the affairs of the factory and pledged that this situation would be corrected. The moribund conferences of workers' self-management were to be transformed into really participative bodies and through them the workers were to be made to feel co-producers rather than mere employees. But nothing was done, and it is not difficult to find the reasons for such inaction. Any return to real worker participation on the lines of the workers' councils of 1956-58 would have meant a loss of central control over economic decision-making and Gierek has shown himself to be opposed to any decentralisation.

Given this situation, it is not surprising that all the symptoms of underlying alienation, such as high rates of absenteeism and poor levels of labour discipline, have been treated as products of idleness and fecklessness. Instead of measures being taken to involve the workers more closely in decision-making, penalties and controls have been increased. Gierek's decision to neglect the fundamental problems of alienation and rely on a combination of controls and material incentives has only encouraged the Polish workers in their extractive attitude to the regime. Moreover it has created a collective bargaining situation in which the workers know that they have the political and economic muscle to safeguard what they – and to a lesser degree their counterparts in all the socialist countries – have come to regard as inalienable rights: unconditional security of employment, relatively light labour discipline and, most important, a steadily rising standard of living.

Although Polish, along with other East European, leaders have tacitly acknowledged that the workers have special interests which often conflict with those of other social groups, they have consistently refused to grant this fact institutional recognition; after all, officially there is no fundamental conflict of interests in a socialist society. As a result, Polish workers have found themselves in a collective bargaining situation without an effective interest organisation to process and press their demands. Polish trade unions remain firmly cast in their traditional role of promoters of production rather than defenders of their mem-

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bers' interests and therefore command little respect within the working class.

The only organisation which is effectively allowed to press for working-class demands is the Communist Party. A good deal has been done to try to bring the party closer to the workers; more workers have been recruited into its ranks and the Poles can boast the largest shop-floor representation in their Central Committee of any ruling Communist Party; the largest factory party organisations enjoy privileged access to the leadership. Yet all these improvements are no substitute for a real workers' interest organisation. The party has to take far too much account of the national interest to fulfil this function. The fact that the workers still have to resort to direct action to make their point testifies to the ineffectiveness of the party in this respect.

Prices have now been re-frozen (meat alone has gone up but only by 35 per cent, half the original figure) and thus the workers have again been pacified. But the whole episode has shown that Gierek's policy of buying off the workers creates more problems than it solves. Relatively short respites are bought at the cost of stimulating rising expectations of an endlessly bountiful welfare state which neither the Polish nor any other economy can support. Like similar policies which prevail in all socialist countries except Yugoslavia, Gierek's will go on producing periodic crises until the root problems of worker identity and involvement are resolved.

Derek Roebuck*

The Diplock Report on Mercenaries

For those who make a lot of money by hiring killers for clandestine military activities, the recruitment of mercenaries for Angola was an unusually profitable sideline, interrupting their regular trade of recruiting for Rhodesia. Frequent television interviews – John Banks's rating must qualify him for some award – show that four men at least are making a living as recruiters and one says (though it would be unwise to believe him) that he is recruiting 30 a day.

The overt attitude of the Government was stated by Lord Goronwy-Roberts on 5 February:

> We deplore, and we would seek to do everything in our power to stop, mercenary intrusion from this country or any other country into Angola . . . we are looking at the applicability of the Foreign Enlistment Act with urgency to see how it can be applied to the Angolan situation.

Yet, despite the fuss when it was found that one lot of British mercenaries had slaughtered another lot, what did the Government do? Set up a committee. The Angola mercenaries ended up dead in battle, captured and punished, or back in England, where a 17-year-old has joined the army and some no doubt have re-enrolled for Rhodesia. A few had their passports taken away, but they were returned within a few weeks. Whenever pressure was put on the Government to act or answer questions, the Diplock Committee was used as an excuse. Although, in the then Prime Minister Wilson's words, a small group with a lot of money had been able to raise a vast private army which could be a threat to democracy in this country, nothing could be done. Why not prosecute under the Foreign Enlistment Act 1870?

The Government's story was that it regretted it was hamstrung. Still, eventually the committee would no doubt recommend effective legislation and the Government would enact and enforce it to protect our threatened democracy. The report was published last week [*Report of the Committee of Privy Counsellors appointed to inquire into the recruitment of mercenaries.* Cmnd 6569] and must make pleasant reading for a government wanting to avoid any further embarrassment over the Angola affair.

The first thing it does is to reinforce the myth that the present Act is obscure, so difficult and outdated that a prosecution should not even be attempted. It is worth while looking at the words of the Act. The sections which deal with mercenaries are: section 4 which makes it an offence to enlist for a foreign state or induce another to do so; section 5 which extends the offence to catch those who leave Britain to enlist abroad; and section 30 which gives an extended meaning to the phrase 'a foreign state'. Section 4 reads:

> If any person, without the licence of HM, being a British subject, within or without HM's dominions, accepts or agrees to accept any commission or engagement in the military or naval service of any foreign state at war with any foreign state at peace with HM, and in this Act referred to as a friendly state, or whether a British subject or not within HM's dominions, induces any other person to accept or agree to accept any commission or engagement in the military or naval service of any such foreign state as aforesaid, he shall be guilty of an offence against this Act, and shall be punishable by fine and imprisonment. . .

Shorn of surplus, 'If any British subject agrees to accept any engagement in the military service of any foreign state at war with any friendly state or [whether, resident within Britain's dominions, British subject or not] induces any other person to accept any engagement, he shall be guilty of an offence.' Is that too difficult for a judge to fathom, compared, say, with the provisions of tax or planning Acts which are applied every day? An objection might seem to be that the British Government had not recognised the government of the People's Republic of Angola at the time of the recruitment though 40 other countries had. This might be a problem, if it were not for section 30, which defines 'foreign state' wherever it appears in the Act to include 'any foreign prince, colony, province or part of any province or people, or any persons exercising or assuming to exercise the powers of government in or over any foreign country, colony, province, or part of any province or people'. This extended and all-embracing definition was included when the 1870 Act modernised the 1819 Act, just because the Government wanted to make absolutely sure that there could be no technical defence to a prosecution on the ground that the combatants were not legally recognised states. The same applies to the word 'war'. It would not be possible to argue successfully that the word 'war' should have a technical meaning in the face of the extended definition of 'foreign state' in section 30.

Nevertheless the Diplock Committee finds that there are 'a number of obscurities in the statutory language affecting the ingredients of the offences. These make the application of the Act to United Kingdom citizens who participate in a particular internal conflict in a foreign state a matter of grave legal doubt and the commission of an offence almost incapable of satisfactory proof.' They go on to say that the provisions of the Act are 'unsuitable' in cases of 'internal struggles for power between rival factions within a state in the varied circumstances in which struggles may arise today'. The argument eventually gets as far as 'it would be necessary to prove that HM government had recognised the persons on whose behalf the armed force was raised and the opponents against whom they were fighting'.

The report assumes that there is nothing in the case law to assist in the interpretation of the Act. Both it and its forerunner, however, have been applied. It has already been *held* or assumed by English courts that it is not necessary for both combatants to be recognised by HM Government, not only in *R.* v. *Jameson* [1896] 2 Q.B. 425, concerning the Jameson raid, but in *R.* v. *Sandoval*, about the supply of Krupp guns and ammunition for an expedition against the government of Venezuela. There was actually a conviction for recruiting mercenaries in 1863, under the old Act. In *R.* v. *Styles* [*Times* 12 and 19 August and 24 September 1863] a recruiter for Garibaldi's army was convicted at Bow Street.

Why then does the committee pretend that there would be problems of proof of what has gone on in the fighting abroad? 'This would require oral evidence from eyewitnesses of his conduct as they had observed it in the confusion likely to be prevalent in the kind of conflict in which the services of mercenaries are sought.' These would be other mercenaries who would be privileged against self-incrimination. But neither offence, enlisting or recruiting, requires anything to be done abroad. Both were committed last January without anyone leaving the country. The members of the committee have made much, both in their report and later television interviews, about the impossibility of controlling by English law what happens abroad. But the offences are all capable of commission here

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and within the jurisdiction of the courts.

The seriousness of the committee's attitude is brought into question by the poverty of its arguments. What are we to make of this? 'The chances of convicting the accused would depend not so much on his actual guilt as on his exceptional bad luck in there being available to the prosecution in his case sufficient evidence to convict him on his trial in this country'. What an argument! If it had any merit we should have to scrap legislation against customs dodgers, currency swindlers, importers of rabid dogs and most of the perpetrators of all the crimes in the calendar. In many types of crime, most convictions depend on the 'exceptional bad luck' of the criminal, from rape to speeding.

In the Spanish Civil War, both the Foreign Office and the Home Office said the Act would apply to those who enlisted. The Act itself does not distinguish between mercenaries who sell their killing services for money and genuine volunteers fighting for their beliefs. The Government seems to – but in a way it would be hard put to argue. The policy of the Government, as stated by Lord Goronwy-Roberts, is hard to square with the acts of those whom one would expect to carry out government policy – the police who took the mercenaries in for questioning and then allowed bail-jumpers and wanted violent criminals to leave the country. It is even more difficult to reconcile with the action of those immigration officials who speeded their passage, with the humbug of the Diplock Committee, which considered that restrictions on enlistment would be a serious inroad into personal freedom (of hired killers to ply their trade!) and, most strange and least publicised of all, with the instructions given by their supervisors to Post Office telephonists last January that they were to give a certain number to anyone who should inquire about opportunities for mercenaries. All these facts may not add up to convincing evidence that the Government was concerned to encourage recruiting. The reader must make up his own mind. What is incontrovertible is that John Banks broadcasts regularly on both BBC and commercial television, announcing that he is still recruiting, for Angola and elsewhere; that mercenaries are still leaving England in considerable numbers to go to Africa to commit murder and cause destruction in struggles in which they have no legitimate concern; and that throughout Africa the British Government's inaction reinforces the people's conviction that Britain is conniving in the use of mercenaries.

The Diplock Report, however weak in its law and unimaginative in its morality, has done just the job the Government wanted. The committee's existence made it possible for all questions in Parliament to be fobbed off. Its misinterpretation of the existing law will give the Government an excuse for not prosecuting the mercenaries who have returned and who could have told embarrassing stories of official complicity. It has recommended the abolition of, and therefore legitimised, the age-old crime of enlisting as a mercenary, which Blackstone thought was an offence at common law and legislation since the time of Elizabeth I has tried to stop.

Abolishing such legislation will show a sad truth, that in a world where governments dare not tell the people of their complicity in attempts to suppress movements for national liberation, where Congress causes difficulties by forbidding open support for neo-colonial groups, and where the demands of multinationals become more difficult for governments to withstand, the role of the mercenary becomes crucial, and the export of men will be no more controlled in practice than the sale of the arms they use.

Oliver Walston

Bitter Harvest

Farmers are reverting to type. After a brief flirtation with optimism during last winter and spring, they now face the most difficult conditions they have ever known. Taking a farmer to tea these days would be a depressing exercise and even a concussed undertaker would be a more stimulating companion with whom to share a crumpet. What makes the farmer particularly frustrated is that there is nobody he can blame. The agnostics regard weather as a sequence of scientific interactions and the churchgoing members of the NFU know that to blame Him invites the retribution of eternal damnation. Grumbling about the Green Pound and guillotined tied cottages may distract their minds for short periods but the sight of shrivelled corn and brown pastures is infinitely more worrying.

The flood of drought news put out by the media has ensured that even people who spend their waking hours on the Bakerloo Line are probably aware that a crisis exists. North of a line between Grimsby and Bristol (this Crosland-Benn axis is one of the more unlikely consequences of the drought) the situation is better. The grass did manage to grow and crops, though poorer than anticipated, are better than in the South.

Arable farmers, some of whom have done exceptionally well for the past three years, have received the biggest shock. Yields are down by 25 per cent or more and the smallness of the grain shows the effect of a two-pronged attack from the weather and an invasion of aphids (the greenfly on roses) which sucked what little moisture remained in the growing plant. Another by-product of the dry weather has been to ensure that nitrogen fertilisers have been absorbed by the plant itself rather than the soil. The resulting high level of nitrogen in the grain is bad news for the brewers who need low-nitrogen barley to produce malt. The premium paid for good malting barley has risen sharply and now is 30 per cent over the price of barley for cattle feed. Seed merchants are equally disturbed. The sieves over which they pass the grain to remove impurities are losing up to 40 per cent of the crop because the small grains fall through. This factor, in addition to the low yields, will create an acute shortage of seed for next year. High prices will encourage many farmers to keep back their own grain for sowing, which is a risky operation because the presence of weed seeds, particularly wild oats, will reduce the size of next harvest.

In the Good Old Days, somewhere between Turnip Townshend and John Maynard Keynes, a small harvest would at least have resulted in high prices. But in today's Global Village it is what happens in Nebraska and the Ukraine that matters. To the chagrin of East Anglia, things are looking good in Nebraska, where a record harvest is being gathered. Although prices to British farmers have risen since last year they in no way compensate for the drastic fall in yields and increase in costs.

If, as seems unlikely, we have a wet autumn, the sugar beet crop will be better than in the past two years (not a difficult achievement) and the arable outlook will improve slightly. But at present the beet look a sorry sight. Already yellowing with virus (those aphids again) and wilting in the sun, a continuation of the drought will result in yields which fall well below the United Kingdom's sugar production quota and many farmers will finally decide that after three years' losses on beet they will have to find a replacement crop. The snag is that there really is not a satisfactory alternative, a fact that the British Sugar Corporation knows is the trump card.

So the prudent arable farmer will have to live off his fat for the next year. In fact, it looks as if the new Volvo will have to be cancelled and the baler will be asked to do another season. The bank manager will be sympathetic but stern in his demand for retrenchment.

The livestock men have seen it all before and, rightly, have little sympathy for their arable colleagues. Their grass has not grown for two months and hay and silage crops are already being eaten into long before the winter begins. Paradoxically, the efficient dairy farmer has been hit hardest because his skill (and a lot of fertiliser) has enabled him to keep large herds on small acreages. But this summer no amount of skill and fertiliser could persuade grass to grow. So the older cows are weeded out and become part of the Beef Mountain and the farmer prays for rain and Petrus Lardinois.

If the meteorologists are right about the weather pattern permanently the implications for farming are obviously serious. Techniques will have to alter, new varieties must be bred and water conservation will have to be taken a lot more seriously than it is today. But all of this takes years not months. In the meantime we may have to face the fact that this country's agricultural productivity, of which we have recently been so proud, is not so much because we are superb farmers but simply because it rained a lot.

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Yvonne Roberts

Gay Night Out

The room is about the size of an aircraft hangar. At the end farthest from the entrance is a cinema screen, a stage and a disc jockey. In the centre is a trio of raised platforms for dancing. At the rear is one bar, a second – the Hush Bar – is upstairs overlooking the dance floor. 'Not so much "Hush" as "crush",' says a bearded man in his thirties. He is dressed for Wimbledon, the uniform of the evening. White tee-shirt with cap sleeves showing his muscles. Tiny shorts, deep cut to show the odd glimpse of cheek. ('I've got plenty of that, dear.') A hand towel around his neck to mop up the perspiration. And only a hint of Yves St Laurent. He is points ahead of the replicas around him, scoring on elegance.

He is a teacher by day and his outfit, for all its casualness, cost him a week's wages – 'It's French, you see'. 'This place,' he adds, struggling to reach a pint of lager from the bar counter, 'is big enough to get lost in – and small enough to enjoy. If I bumped into someone I taught, I'd be surprised and worried. But so would he.'

The record changes and so, too, does the image on the screen behind the disc jockey's head. A film clip of Kiki Dee and Elton John gives way to a series of stills. Young boys, some in underpants, some with slightly more on, a caftan or a pair of jeans, appear and disappear. Slotted in between are adverts for magazines like *Black Male* and *Him*, a plug for Queen's LP, *A Night at the Opera*, and a slogan which recurs constantly: 'Advertise to YOUR market here; ring' – and a telephone number follows. The market here is very specialised indeed.

Four nights of the week the 'Sundown' discothèque in the Charing Cross Road has the usual custom, a mixture of tourists and young girls teetering aloft on fake crêpe platform soles. On Mondays, that custom melts away and a different clientele takes its place. The Sundown becomes 'Bang's' – London's largest gay discothèque. Founded last February, with little publicity, it now has a membership (membership fee £1.10) of over, 1,000 and it is usually filled to capacity (entrance fee 60p) until 2 o'clock Tuesday morning. 'Bang's start the week off with a "Bang",' explains Gerry Collins, who thought of the idea and who doubles as the disc jockey, 'that's where we got the name from.' And there's no pun intended.

Tom lives in Birmingham. He is 27, works in an office and travels down each Monday for the weekly session. His hair is cropped in the mercenary style which most members seem to favour but he's relatively conservative in his dress. Drainpipe jeans and a loose sports shirt. In Birmingham, Tom hasn't 'come out' yet. He has a girl friend and a date in his calendar which, he says, induces depression. His wedding day. At Bang's, he is one of the regulars. Sometimes he picks up someone, sometimes he doesn't. 'I read about Bang's in *Gay News* and decided to have a look,' he says 'It costs me about £10 a week but it's worth it. I'd been to a few places in London before, but they always seemed to be for a convention of queens. Somehow, when I come here, I feel normal. You can be as outrageous or as quiet as you want. It's a real mecca for gays.'

Bang's is owned by Rank. Rank provide the staff, reap the profit from the bars (pub prices, plastic glasses) but sublet the premises to Wardour Enterprises Ltd, a child of the Marquis Club of which Gerry Collins is a director. Last year, Gerry Collins visited Los Angeles and saw the potential in the 'gay' market. 'Gay people have more money to spend,' he says, 'because they've got no wives and kids to worry about, no bills on schooling or food. They can spend on themselves. Put it this way: Bangs has made my life a bit easier.'

Gerry Collins is shy of giving figures, but the sums are easily worked out. After Rank has taken its cut, there must be at least £500 or so of profit each Monday – but it's money hard earned. The 'gay' world can afford to be fickle in its taste. So Gerry Collins encourages 'happenings' like a few well known 'celebs' dropping in from time to time and he makes sure that the music is 'ahead of its time'. Soul music from the East and West Coasts of America which loses its interest once it becomes 'known'. 'I say it's like the combination on a safe,' says Gerry Collins, who usually dresses like a tennis coach, 'sometimes I get the combination of music right – occasionally I don't.'

The records are steady, relentless and very loud. But it's the dancers, in a narcissistic way, who provide the entertainment, not the music. A transvestite, dressed impeccably in a long pink evening dress, does a solo, miming and dancing to a Diana Ross song. The performance is stylish. At Bang's to be extravert isn't enough; you also have to be good. A black in running shorts with a body like a weightlifter is swirling around a stick-like boy in striped dungarees. 'Nothing you can say can take me away from my guy', they sing. Two gay girls – among the very few on the floor – look like mirror images of each other. Fifties college boys, bopping gracefully.

'It's *Gay News*'s fourth birthday party,' yells the second disc jockey, Norman Scott. ('It was *his* name first,' says an indignant fan.) 'They're drinking in the bar *and*,' he adds, 'as it's a special occasion, kissing *is* allowed.' There are very few 'oohs' and 'aahs'. Bang's isn't so much camp as comfortable.

In a small pocket on the fringe of the dance floor is a group of spectators; mostly women, they look like the faded cast of a Warhol film. They don't drink, dance or speak. They are there to be seen, not heard. All are thin, with grasshopper legs and arms that seem to go on and on. White faces, red lips, eyebrows plucked to a comma. They retire to the Ladies' every 15 minutes or so, to recoat. They look like pre-war women watching their daughters' début at a tea-dance; but they are, in the main, teen-agers. Jane is 18 and comes from Wood Green. She wears five-inch stiletto heels, a grey suit slit to the waist with no blouse and sunglasses with pink plastic wings like Mary Whitehouse. 'My brother had an old film annual and I saw a girl in glasses like these, and I thought they looked all right. I don't take them off.' Jane came with two 'gay' friends, men, who, she says, find it useful to have her 'around'. She doesn't have a boy friend, isn't gay but likes Bang's 'because no-one gets leery'. Another girl friend feels the same. She looks like Suzy Wong, only the accent is N1. Her cheongsam is made of plastic and in the heat, she says, it feels like a sausage skin. The vaseline on her hair is beginning to drip. 'It makes my mum mad,' she says, 'when I get it all over the pillows.'

It is midnight. The odd heterosexual couple who may have strayed in, in the course of a week's honeymoon, has long since departed. (It takes only ten minutes or so to appreciate the 'difference.) The counter of the Hush Bar is jam-packed with empties. All the draught beer has run out, so has the bottled lager. The rum-and-coke and gin-and-orange are being served up in heavily smeared glasses. The barman, wearing a badge which reads 'smile if you had a little last night', has his face set in a deep frown as he tries to meet the demand. Most wait their turn patiently. At one corner of the bar are four men. They look straight but flashy. The sort of person you buy a car from, and wonder why. 'We get quite a few of those,' says the barman apologetically. 'They come in as a group to have a laugh. Next thing you know, one of them is in here by himself looking for a little company.'

The crowd in the bar is a cross-section, all ages and every style. A few are outrageous, besequined or in black leather. But they look strangely out-dated, Wolfenden Men. Some are in thin-lapelled suits, civil servants, perhaps, from suburbia. The rest could be regulars at any pub, save for the precision of their accessories and the haze of Brut.

On the floor – an hour before closing – the dancers, mostly in shorts or flannels, look like the remnants of a Thirties tennis party. Sweating, some stripped to the waist, they dance on. The only thing which halts the proceedings, ironically, is an original Thirties recording of *Lullaby of Broadway*. The dancers melt away as the music swells – only to return with a vengeance when the recorded sound of a cavalcade of tap-dancers bounces out of the speakers. Suddenly, every man has his own fantasy. Each becomes an expert Berkeley baby, tapping to his heart's content. In his rubber sneakers.

At 2 a.m. it's time to go. Good-byes are said, kisses exchanged. Tom has somewhere to spend the night. The barman is smiling again. As people file out, a man at the door is trying to sell copies of the pilot issue of *Gay Weekly*. 'Selling this, to this lot,' he says amiably, 'is like selling ice to the Eskimos. They don't want to know. They've got the money but they've seen it all before.'

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London Diary

☐ Trials have made good reading from the time of Socrates onwards. The requirements for success are high. The central figure must be unusual – a martyr like Socrates, a scoundrel like Bottomley or a skilful performer like Sacheverell. It is best of all when the central figure challenges the authority of the court as Charles I and Casement did in their different ways. The trial of John Stonehouse did not reach these standards. The surprises had all been revealed beforehand either by the press or by Stonehouse himself. The trial, though very long, added little to the public stock of harmless pleasure. One feature of the Stonehouse affair perturbs me. The preliminary inquiries are said to have cost three-quarters of a million pounds, and I suppose the legal expenses were in proportion. A million pounds was needed to convict one man. What would happen if every citizen committed one such financial offence and ran up a similar bill of costs? The Exchequer would be bankrupt without going to all the trouble of repeated economic crises. Surely law-abiding citizens should receive some recompense for their virtue. I don't say that each of us should be given a million pounds from public funds. I would settle for ten thousand.

☐ There was a time when newspaper proprietors were more than life size, even if some people regarded them as monsters. Northcliffe was, in Beaverbrook's phrase, the greatest figure who ever strode down Fleet Street, and it is not only personal friendship which makes me think that Beaverbrook was not far behind. Of course both men were concerned to make their papers profitable, but they were even more concerned to provide livelier news and more of it. Lord Thomson of Fleet was cut from a different pattern. The balance sheet of a newspaper was all that interested him. Newspapers were a commodity he dealt in, and he might have dealt just as well in tinned fruit. Ironically Thomson did not in fact make money from *The Times*, his most prestigious acquisition. He kept it afloat with the money he made from Scottish Television and North Sea oil. Northcliffe also acquired *The Times* for reasons of prestige but he soon made sure that it paid. I look back wistfully to the time when newspapers reflected the personality of their proprietors, whether it was the personality of Northcliffe or that of C. P. Scott. Lord Thomson had little personality to reflect and his newspapers showed it.

☐ I observe yet another defeat for the poor pedestrian. We were once told in answer to a parliamentary question that pedestrian crossings were not necessary in the royal parks because there the pedestrians always had right of way. Now the authorities have despaired of enforcing this rule and are setting up pedestrian-controlled crossings in the royal parks. Thus we have lost the right to walk even though we had been emphatically told we had it. There was a time also when we had an undisputed right to walk unimpeded on the pavement. No longer. Cars park everywhere on the pavement, often forcing pedestrians into the dangerous road way. Councils have the legal power to ban the parking of cars on the pavement. No council has exercised this power. How would motorists like it if we came out with deck chairs and settled in the road way? Not content with these encroachments, motorists are setting up a wail against an attempt to make the breathalyser more effective. Everyone knows that drunken motorists are an increasing menace and that the only safe rule is: if you drink don't drive. Of course the police should make random tests, particularly on drivers as they emerge from a public house. After all the sober motorist has nothing to fear. But the new powers, even if exercised, will not succeed. The convenience of motorists comes before the lives of children and of people even older than myself. Even more important, it seems, is to keep car workers in full employment. I suppose it is essential that cars should be produced. I don't think it essential that they should be used.

☐ The Government is to hold yet another inquiry into the preservation of official secrets, in other words how to prevent our knowing what a supposedly democratic government is up to. The affair of Dick Crossman's *Diaries* has apparently established the principle that cabinet ministers cannot be prevented from gossiping about what goes on in cabinets or in their own departments, as indeed they always have done. But the actual transactions of ministers and their officials are still protected by the Thirty Year Rule. Even the release of official papers after 30 years is not as literal as it seems. Departments can purge their files before they hand them over to the Record Office. Allegedly sensitive papers can be reserved for 50 or even 100 years instead of for 30. We still cannot read about the activities of government spies and agents provocateurs in the time of the Chartists. We cannot read a great deal about the abdication of Edward VIII or about his dealings with the Germans during the war when he was Duke of Windsor. We cannot read much about the attempts at a negotiated peace with Germany in the summer of 1940, when Mussolini was called in as mediator. There is perhaps some case, as long as we have a monarchy, for protecting the reputation of a former king. But what is the case for protecting the reputation of Lord Halifax? However, as Namier used to say, everything is already known if you know where to look for it. Though the papers themselves are denied us, the index to them often reveals their contents, and this can be seen by any ingenious researcher.

☐ I have just had the pleasure of watching myself on television. It is a curious experience. I have little idea what I look like. I see my face each morning when I am shaving and, as I use a cut-throat razor, I see it for a long time. The rest of the structure and particularly how it moves is unknown to me. The figure on the screen is a stranger whom I regard with interest and sometimes with approval. But I take no responsibility for him. I follow his talk and acts with friendly anxiety, worrying whether he will make the right point with the right punch. The lectures that he gives are not always the ones I should have chosen to give. But they are his affair, not mine. Despite his occasional lapses, I should like to see him again. That reminds me of another reappearance that we ought to be offered. The BBC is currently reviving its supposedly best shows of the last 40 years. But where is *In the News*, that incomparable half hour of irresponsible political discussion which Bob Boothby, W. J. Brown, Michael Foot and I put on for five years running? Why can't we see me turning my back on the rest of the team and towards the camera – not, as is often alleged, the other way round? Why cannot we hear Michael Foot complaining 'Stabbed in the back again' whenever I strayed from Labour orthodoxy? I suspect that the BBC is ashamed to have ended the discussions because of pressure from the party whips and is reluctant to recall the troubles that led to the introduction of independent television. Independent television took us over as *Free Speech* and then also killed us off after four years.

☐ I recently visited the National Theatre for the first time. Kafka's Castle has been made concrete in the literal sense. It is almost impossible to find the entrance as you scurry from one angular structure to the next. When you find it you have to go out again to buy a seat voucher. The doorways are narrow with hardly room for two people abreast. The doors themselves are of glass so that you do not know when they are there and when they are not. It is too dark to read whether you are going to the right lavatory or whether you will find yourself among indignant ladies. The minuscule seat numbers are not on the backs of the seats or at the fronts of the tip-ups. They are ingeniously placed at the sides where you cannot read them without bending double. At the end I went through a door marked 'EXIT' only to be confronted with stairs that ascended to the sky. The door had closed behind me and there was no turning back. Finally I emerged on the roof and was then baffled in my attempts to get down. I was lucky to escape alive.

A. J. P. Taylor

This England

Prizes: £1.50 book token for first entry, £1 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ Graduate washers-up needed. Good pay and prospects. – small ad in *The Times* (M. Vincent)

☐ The rain in the North falls mainly on the Bradford reservoirs. – *Daily Telegraph* magazine (G. Wilson)

☐ Two students at Brighton College were suspended for 'gross disobedience' after they chose to study for A-level exams rather than play in the headmaster's cricket team in a commemoration day match against the Old Boys. – *Cricketer* (N. Gough)

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Familiar Figures – 2

Bel Mooney

The Milkman

It is a grey and glassy hour, between 5 and 6 a.m., when the alarm clock's tick turns to a threat. No thud of traffic yet to shake the trees. The milkman carries his crates into a small council block, noticing with distaste the dossers (young and old) who snore on doormats, oblivious of the bottles' clink. Doorsteps differ greatly on this round: middle-class houses with fresh white paint and brass letterboxes, unlit council stairs, scruffy student flats, the carpeted hallways of the expensive private flats that overlook Clapham Common. 586 homes, all served by the same milkman, wait for the morning delivery.

His name is Fred Farthing: milkman for over 40 years. As the clocks of his customers tick, he performs his function with the same clockwork regularity – not lonely, not minding rain and snow, not wanting to talk, not noticing anything much. He concentrates on time; the five miles the milk float can run, and the minutes it takes him to pace up that path, leave a pint, back down and up the next path, leave two pints and six eggs, back down, across to the float, and so on. He calculates he walks about 25 miles a day. The only thing that halts this rotating progress, this automatic application, is accident. A woman waiting by her gate, who calls him, may mean that he forgets the two houses opposite which he normally visits first. It irritates him. And once a lift jammed in the private flats, shooting him past the first to the second floor. 'I automatically did the first-floor delivery up there, remembering the amounts, not noticing till the end.' Like the postman, the milkman regulates himself, so he can finish in good time.

Fred Farthing began his career at the age of ten, in 1921. 'We didn't have much money, and I was the eldest of four, so the extra money came in handy. So I used to meet the milkman at four in the morning, fog or snow, and help him with his round on the horse and cart till 6.30. Then I'd go home and do whatever jobs I had to do indoors, before going to school. I wasn't much good at school. And I'd work all day Saturday and Sunday, getting 1s 6d a week plus a pound of butter. That was a great luxury.'

People slip into their life's work without choosing – so at 14 Fred left school to join the dairy as a delivery boy on a bicycle. Then he graduated to 'the servery'; getting the wide variety of groceries ('twice as much as we carry now') ready for the milkmen to take on their rounds. Next he was out on the streets at last – pushing the small hand cart with huge iron wheels, walking from door to door, learning to memorise exact orders. During the war, in France with the Cameronians, he began to remember South London, and doorsteps, and think about a different job: 'Why go on being a milkman?' Still, he went back: 'There wasn't much else, and anyway I thought, it's not a bad job. In the open . . . and once you're out on the round you're your own master.'

In 1946 he moved to this round in Balham: for 30 years – same round, same houses, same stairs. Houses have been pulled down; grass disappeared; babies grown up, married and ordered milk for their own children. Fred Farthing is completely detached from what he does and where he functions. In his sixties, he is unable to remember anything interesting or unusual that has happened to him during that time. He thinks . . . 'There was once . . . I remember, I was putting my hand with five bottles – you carry one in each finger to save time – through the railings at the school. I dropped two down, when I saw this Alsatian bounding towards me. Because I had the other three bottles in it, I couldn't get my hand back fast enough. So he bit me. I've still got the scars. That's the only thing that's happened to me.' He says that there is only one real change he notices on the streets, apart from the traffic: 'They're so dirty now. They used to have a roadsweeper down here but now he's gone. They send the machine along, but it only goes past parked cars where the sweeper would go under them. You can't beat old ways.'

Fred Farthing gets up at 4 a.m. 'I go down, put the kettle on, and make porridge – summer and winter. And I take four halibut liver oil capsules, because you need that protection out in the open. After three cups of tea I leave home at 5 a.m., and get to work at 5.15. You have to load your own float with the crates, then get your cream, butter, chickens, and other stuff from the servery. I start delivery before 6 a.m., and try to finish by 12.30 – or 4 p.m. on Friday and Saturday. I could start later, but I'd be home much later – it's up to me'.

For the seven-day week the milkman will average about £45-£50, working on a basic wage plus commission. 'You have to get rid of a certain amount of stuff before commission starts at 5p in £1. But you can't flog milk to people – they know what they want and that's it. Your money comes from suggesting they have butter or eggs or something. Most of the time I don't bother.' One year, though, he was star salesman at his depot – and it is that enterprising side of the job that appeals. 'It's like running your own small business without the responsibility. The books are checked, but basically it's up to you what you make of the job.'

He calls his job 'brain work', though 'the public think of it as a cushy number. They don't know how much adding up you have to do, how much you have to remember. I wouldn't have wanted to do anything else really – except I think, if I'd concentrated at school, I'd liked to have studied to be a carpenter. That's a real skill . . . But I can't say I think about it. You don't. I mean, you've got to work, haven't you? You *have* to – so there's no point thinking about what you do. I've never been used to big money so I don't miss what I haven't had. I've always worked weekends, so I don't know no different. I *like* my job.'

Balham is inner-city suburbia, where families settle, and people have not yet learned the habit of picking up cartons from the 'deli' on the way home from work. Fred thinks the empty future of no whine of the milk float, no alarm-regular clink of bottles, will come. 'Now you get young men coming into the job who can't stick it. It shows in their work: they miss houses, or come late, or don't take away the empties. So people get fed up, and get their milk from the Paki shops that stay open late. So then they cut the rounds – and soon that'll happen all over. It won't make money to deliver.'

That is the way the bread went . . . and it seems to be all that worries Fred Farthing. He says that nothing affects him – not work, nor holidays, nor irritable drivers behind the float, nor the TGWU, of which he is a member, nor customers. Not even picking up unwashed bottles stinking with green mould, or finding 20 empties on the step of a lazy household. In the evening he watches television until about ten, when he looks at his watch and prepares for bed. The gold watch is inscribed on the back, commemorating the 30 years' 'loyal service' F. G. Farthing has given to United Dairies.

As others are setting their alarm clocks for 7.30 or 8, he glances at the gold-coloured clock on the mantelpiece, ticking away the *forty* years' 'loyal service'. 'It don't mean much to me. I just got it last year at the Pensioners' Dinner and put it up there and that was it. The wife didn't say much. There's nothing to say. These things are handy as a reference though – I mean, if

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I want some HP, and they ask for a reference, I show them my watch as one. It shows I'm steady, but that's all. Funny how they always seem to give clocks and watches . . . and I haven't even finished my time.'

First Person

Arthur Marshall

Bad Language

When concocting some sour statement, an activity which is, I hasten to say, seldom my practice, on the frailties of human beings in general, you can bet your bottom dollar, or, in this case, franc, that it has already been uttered by dreadful old La Rochefoucauld, that unlovely volcano of bitter observation and caustic comment. What a frightful fate to have been his wife and to have had to start each day by receiving an earful of chilly maxims at the breakfast table ('Do get on with your kipper, Henri.'). How sadly typical of the French race, flint-hearted and too clever by half, to have produced him and, clearly, to be so defiantly proud of him.

When I first began learning French, it seemed as though the entire French nation earned its living by cutting wood. Every dramatic Frog storyette, either for translation into English or for halting reproduction, after two readings aloud, into French of a sort, featured a poor woodcutter living all on his own (*tout seul*) in a cottage (*chaumière*, f.) in a wood (*bois*, m.), busy chopping from dawn till dusk. Elm? Ash? Oak? One never knew, and just as well as the French trees, mostly masculine, were not easy to memorise. Then one day a mysterious stranger asks for food and shelter. The *pauvre bûcheron* reluctantly stops chopping for the time being and is all smiles and hospitality, providing *un repas simple mais appétisant* and offering his bed, prudently vacating it himself and making do on a pile of faggots in the corner. As at that age one was more or less hungry every minute of the day, the idea of the *repas appétisant* set one madly salivating. Of what could it have consisted? Steak and kidney pie? Grilled sole? Bananas and cream? Dripping toast? Perhaps all four, washed down with ginger-beer.

In the morning the grateful guest proffers a purse of gold, instantly refused, to his saintlike host. The narrative then used to burst excitingly into dialogue, translated with difficulty into suitably old-tyme English. ' "Nay, my good fellow," quoth the stranger, "hadst thou thought me the King himself, thou couldst not have treated me more fayrely." ' Blushing denials from the woodcutter, fidgeting to get on with his chopping. And so to the dénouement. It *is* the King, of course, inexplicably wandering about in mufti with not a crown in sight, and the woodcutter is whisked away to court and a life of ease – doubtful ease one now realises for this fish out of water among the hauteurs and intrigues and smells of Versailles where the only things to chop are heads. The story wound up, naturally, with a rather questionable moral: Always be kind to strangers as you never know who they may be ('Come *in*, Sir Harold!').

And then, bless me, if early steps in German didn't follow the very same story pattern, with this time the hero being invariably a poor charcoal-burner, a profession the usefulness of which was puzzling, for why should one burn good charcoal? And as the story was German, the King, when revealed as such, came in for a good bit more bowing and scraping and sickly sucking-up to than is available from your proud Frog.

If only Latin had contained such a heartening anecdote (' "But I *am* Caesar", announced the bronzed warrior') instead of consisting of isolated sentences largely concerning warfare. The teaching that I received, six lessons a week for seven years, in this charmless subject was really, I now see, disgracefully bad. This, I must allow, was partly due to the fact that, at Stirling Court on the Hampshire coast, the Latin master appeared to change every two terms or so, for reasons unconnected with the teaching of Latin. But, whoever turned up, he had graduated in ennui and majored in boredom and it was 'apud' here and the idiotic vocative case there (whenever would one need to address a table as 'O table'?), and ablative absolutes galore, and the Belgae (plucky little Belgium, I always assumed) rather pointlessly attacking ditches with arrows. The misery of it all is with me yet and those mainly responsible for our Latin exercise books bore English names. Even now I flinch at inoffensive persons called Hillard and I shun each and every Botting (they must by now both be millionaires). I waste no time deciphering, even if I could, the odious stuff on the pediments of monuments and on entering Broadcasting House, and facing the glowing Latin tribute to the spoken word in general and Reith in particular, I close my eyes. And why, may I ask, are such things put into a language neither beautiful in sound nor any longer spoken, and the meaning of which is vouchsafed only to the highly, and probably expensively, educated? This is class distinction of a flagrant kind, and yet they do it still.

Never mind. Apparently it doesn't matter any more what you do or don't learn. If I've understood the new arrangements properly, any little tot capable of holding a pen and tottering to an examination table can now score an O-level in any subject. Picture petite and winsome Dawn Westinghouse, keen as mustard on her work, sitting her O-Level Geography. Confidently the dainty mite seizes the examination paper handed her by smiling Miss Prendergast and, with a glad cry, spots that the first question is a 'sitter'. 'Where,' it queries, 'is Madagascar?' Dawn deftly clutches her biro, readies the quarto, moistens her lips, writes 'Madagascar is in Surbiton', and hey-presto, she has notched up a resounding O-Level Geography (Grade Z). Next day she adds on Maths ('3 + 4 = 187').

Those of us who have had, and rightly, a good many jolts and bumps and failures along Life's Congested Dual-Carriageway can only view with dismay this soft-soaping of the dunderheaded and the idle. And it's not only in examinations but in public life too. As we flounder about in our sad sea of inefficiency and mediocrity, nobody any longer gets reprimanded, struck, ticked off, booted out, kicked, punished or in any way discomforted. And the rot starts at the top.

And it's for the top that I'd start instituting corporal punishment or, at the very least, the stocks. If inflation goes up, then Denis Healey (ever since that marvellous anagram Weekend Comp. I can only think of him as Enid Eyelash) gets six of the best. Jolly schoolmasters, whacking away, used to say that by making it painful for people to sit down, you soon, ha-ha, made them sit up. Well, desperate straits, desperate measures. I feel sure there's a Latin tag for that, but kindly don't tell me what it is.

Public Notice

COMPUTERS AND PRIVACY

The Government has appointed the Data Protection Committee to advise it on:—

1. A set of objectives, to set standards governing the use of computers that handle personal information; and
2. A permanent statutory agency to oversee the use of computers, in both the public and private sectors, to ensure that they are operated with proper regard for privacy and with the necessary safeguards for the personal information which they contain.

The Committee invites written evidence, by the end of October 1976, to be sent to:

The Secretary, Home Office, Data Protection Committee, Keysign House, 421-429 Oxford Street, LONDON W1R 2HT.

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Letters to the Editor

The New Lawmakers

Sir, Christopher Price (NS 6 August) says that the Court of Appeal and the House of Lords have strayed into dangerous ground by supporting a local education authority against the Secretary of State for Education and Science, but he himself strays into dangerous ground when he says that Conservatives may now 'use the courts to win the battles they have lost at the hands of the British electorate' and that they should know 'it is a democratic Parliament rather than our legal Establishment which makes English law'. In this particular case it looked as though a Labour minister was trying to use the law to win a battle he had lost at the hands of the Tameside electorate; in no case has the British electorate given a clear verdict on the issue of comprehensive and selective education; and, even if Parliament can be called democratic, an educational system cannot be called democratic when neither children nor parents nor teachers have any real power in it and when local electorates are crushed by central government.

It is particularly absurd that comprehensive schools are being imposed by ministers and MPs, by department and council officials who generally went to grammar and public schools and who frequently send their own children to independent schools. A genuine comprehensive system might be democratic and indeed educational, but the present system is not even comprehensive and is not accepted by most of the people who administer it.

NICOLAS WALTER

134 Northumberland Road
Harrow, Middlesex

Sir, Reading Christopher Price's 'The New Lawmakers' I begin to think that it is MPs like him who have helped to make politics a dirty word. Lord Dilhorne looks like a superannuated elk, Lord Diplock is a diminutive sparrow-like lord with a permanent grin on his face and Lord Russell is a comfortable, avuncular type. All very amusing, of course, but what's the relevance in what purports to be a very serious article?

When teachers exercise professional judgment the judges categorise it as blackmail, says Mr Price, but when doctors do the same thing it is called clinical freedom. But this is patently not true. Doctors have been severely condemned again and again for using their life-and-death powers in wage bargaining. To make us even more indignant Mr Price adds that teachers 'seem disinclined to turn their principles upside down *at the behest of some elderly judges*' (my emphasis). But surely this was due legal process established by Parliament itself? Articles like this must ultimately be self-defeating and leave a nasty taste in the mouths of impartial observers of the issue.

STEPHEN CORRIN

10 Russell Gardens
London NW11

Sir, Christopher Price is evidently distressed that the Law Lords should have ruled against comprehensive schools in Tameside. After all, Mr Price approves of comprehensive schools. Such is his sorrow that he lapses into sulks: 'It has certainly put paid to any Bill of Rights being supported by the Labour Party.'

A sulky man is rarely a rational man. One has a choice between leaving the courts free to rule disinterestedly on all points of law, or subsuming the legal process to a political manifesto. The Education Act of 1944 enacts that the minister can intervene only if the council acts 'unreasonably'. Why, then, should the courts not exercise this power? Indeed Mr Price agrees that 'the essence of the judgment is that the courts can intervene'. Does Mr Price disagree that the most important safeguard of individual civil rights is the independence of the judiciary?

If Mr Mulley's powers are ill-defined, then one can hardly object to a court of law restricting his exercise of them. One should rather applaud any limitation placed on the tendency to allow ministers wide discretions. It really is indefensible to support a legal order (as I assume Mr Price does), but to attack that legal order whenever one dislikes the result. It is the zenith of illiberality to attack a decision because it will mean that 'these powers are now wide open to affluent and litigious Tories'. The judiciary is not the tool of the Government, and one can only be heartened to witness this renewal of the independence of the judiciary in interpreting and applying the law. Whether one approves or disapproves of comprehensive education is a secondary issue.

DAVID PANNICK

Hertford College
Oxford

Sir, In her letter on comprehensives last week Dianne Hayter says that we tended to move to large schools and comprehensives simultaneously and that the ills of one have been blamed on the other. She also states that 'some big schools have failed children'.

I would be interested to know what the ills of a large school are supposed to be. In the Inner London comprehensive in which I teach, each child is in a tutor group of 30 or less, and each year's intake is also looked after by a head and deputy head of year. So there are three people concerned with the welfare and progress of the child, not to mention the school counsellor, head of lower school etc. Our size also enables us to offer 36 subjects at GCE or CSE level.

There *are* problems in our school, which are largely the product of inner-city pressures, especially inadequate family support and care, and a restricted site. They are not functions of our size. I hoped that the debate on the merits of comprehensive education had been largely won and that we would now be considering methods of organisation and teaching *within* those schools in order to find the best way of achieving our aims. In view of recent events, I was obviously wrong.

IAN WILSON

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London N1

Accountable to Whom?

Sir, Ann Holmes (NS 6 August) seems to have a rather naïve idea of why people vote for the Labour Party. She assumes that a vote for Labour is automatically a vote in support of all the Labour Party programmes and conference decisions. In reality, voters probably attach far more importance to the performance of the previous government, whether Labour or Conservative, than to the various promises made by each party. Very few voters know much about the details of the respective party programmes, and for those who do this may not affect the way in which they vote, because they have learnt from experience that a lot of these promises won't be carried out. In most people's minds the Labour Party means Jim Callaghan, Roy Jenkins, Denis Healey and the rest of the present Government, and it is for their policies which they vote, rather than those of the EEC or the Labour Party conference. To pledge oneself to the will of the Labour Party conference and one's local GMC would mean becoming far more remote from the will of Labour voters than are ordinary, obedient MPs who always do as the Whips tell them.

MICHAEL CRICK

28 Lingfield Avenue
Stockport

The Critic as Vandal

Sir, Professor Carey (NS 6 August) ascribes to me a dishonest motive, and I ask leave to explain the real one. I offered, he says, long ago, a 'crude rewording' of a line by George Herbert 'so that [readers] will be ashamed of thinking the line meant that, and be readier to believe Empson's less likely alternative'. This could not have occurred to me; I thought both interpretations likely, and needed to make both appear so. I did offer a paraphrase which George Herbert himself would not have used, even in conversation; judging from the other examples in the article, this is what is being denounced. The basic justification is that a critic should not be absorbed parasitically into the author, but should appraise the whole ethos and outlook of the author from the standpoint of his own. At the time, I felt I should not pretend to feel at home in the saintly atmosphere of the poem, and on the other hand needed to present the extra interpretation as a solid one, something that might occur to a plain man. To feel shame about my wording seems to me perverse.

The poem outlines the life of Herbert, saying he had desired the ruling-class career which was open to him but had also felt God was calling him to religion; yet now, having obeyed the call, he feels that God no longer wants him. He is plucky about being jilted in this way, and plans to take up some other line of life:

> Well, I will change the service, and go seek
> Some other master out.
> Ah, my dear God, though I be clean forgot,
> Let me not love thee, if I love thee not.

Clearly there is an interval before the final couplet, while he finds that he cannot bring himself to go. The last line may express total self-abandonment: 'I will love you however badly you treat me', and then *let me not love thee* has to become, very oddly, a kind of swearing – he invokes the worst penalty he can think of. 'Damn me if I don't stick to the parsonage', I am blamed for writing down, but it does bring out the queer logic or syntax of this version. Another version would follow more naturally from the lines just before, by making a practical appeal: 'Stop calling me if I have no real vocation. Do not make me love you in desire if I am incapable of loving you in achievement.' There is no conflict between the two meanings; he hardly knows which he can afford to say; but unless he means both there is no reason for giving the final line its peculiar form, that of a paradox or riddle. Very likely I phrased the alternatives clumsily, but that is a minor matter. As to the main point, if a man calls me a cheat for saying it I think he is practically deranged.

The other vandals, my colleagues, do not need my defence, but give some help in understanding the attack. Both paraphrase some incident in a poem in a way which is contemporary for them, and both outrage the political, rather than the literary, purity of Professor Carey. As C. S. Lewis was writing in the 1920s, a passing hint at the class system, while he was trying to come to terms with the Bower of Bliss in Spenser, might seem of historical interest only; and Professor Carey agrees that

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he is right about the main structure of ideas in the passage. Professor Ricks, again in passing, says that Milton practically recommends 'genocide' in Samson; Professor Carey indignantly retorts that the extermination of an entire ruling class or caste is not genocide but okay. I thought no one denied that the struggle of Milton to accept the barbarism of the Old Testament was bad for him; Samson is a military hero all right, but should not be made a saint. The fourth vandal is a neo-Freudian or thereabouts, and I usually find them dull and tiresome because so plainly wrong; but this one has thought of a rather deserved joke against Milton's treatment of Samson. Professor Carey regards it as sacrilege.

The critical opinions of academics tend to reflect the methods of dealing with students which they prefer; if looked at in this way the views of Professor Carey, otherwise so blank, become fairly intelligible. He recommends: 'Insist upon reverence for whatever has got on the syllabus. Never allow the pupils to speak from their own experience, which they should learn to forget; but you may placate their resentment by expressing a startling hatred for every elite. Never allow them to paraphrase anything, for fear their spontaneous sentiments may leak out; they must just learn by heart everything that Teacher says to them.' It had already struck me that something seems to have been going very wrong with the Eng. Lit. departments, and this counsel of despair would be quite enough explanation.

WILLIAM EMPSON

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London NW3

Spain's British Battalion

Sir, Ben Pimlott, in his article on the Left Book Club (NS 6 August) appears to suffer from a curious misconception about the British volunteers in the International Brigade in Spain. He states: 'Most middle-class people of progressive views were not brave or rich enough to enlist in the International Brigade.' To enlist, riches, even on a modest scale, were quite unnecessary. The vast majority of the 2,010 volunteers in the British Battalion were working-class, and they were certainly very considerably less rich than even the most impoverished 'middle-class progressives' at that time. They found little difficulty in contacting the organisation handling volunteers for Spain; if they had no money, they were provided with a no-passport weekend return ticket to Paris. If I remember rightly, this ticket cost well under £3. From Paris volunteers were looked after by the French branch of the 'underground railway' on their trip to Spain, and no further expense was involved.

Incidentally, the British end of the operation made the greatest efforts to weed out not only applicants who were too old or unfit, but also anybody who had illusions of adventure. When I enlisted in the summer of 1937 (I had established contact through Left Book Club circles), I was immediately handed on to a group of wounded volunteers who had returned, who gave me first-hand accounts of how arduous in all respects service in the International Brigades could be. It was certainly unrewarding financially; we received the same pay as all soldiers of the Spanish Republican Army – ten pesetas daily, which had almost no purchasing power under war conditions.

I have just been attending a week-long school held at the Co-operative College, near Loughborough. The school was attended by 36 members of the International Brigade and medical units, and we recorded our memories of British involvement in the Spanish War for oral historians from Manchester Polytechnic, Manchester University, and, perhaps surprisingly, the Imperial War Museum. The participants provided a fairly representative cross-section of the British Battalion. The 'middle-class intellectuals' made up less than 10 per cent of the group at this oral history session, and even then we were certainly over-represented in proportion to the actual composition of the British Battalion.

There appears to be a widespread impression in Britain today that the Spanish struggle was a 'poets and writers war'; this probably arises from the fact that a fair proportion of the very earliest volunteers were in fact intellectuals who later wrote books and poems on their experiences. But overall they were the exceptions; during my own 16 months of service with the British Battalion I cannot recall more than a handful of volunteers who could be classified, even loosely, as middle-class progressives.

I would like to mention that the large working-class majority in the British Battalion put up very tolerantly with our strange accents, and our lack of first-hand knowledge of everyday facts of working-class life. I can assure Ben Pimlott that lack of riches cannot have been the reason why so few middle-class progressives actually went to Spain. There must be another explanation.

JOHN PEET

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Taylor's Lectures

Sir, I have to admit that A. J. P. Taylor's unkind suspicions are partially correct – I have stretched the first-hand evidence at my disposal. I never lasted out an entire term of anyone's lectures, and I should have to take Mr Taylor's word for it if he insisted that he ended most terms addressing three Japanese tourists in a broom cupboard. On the other hand, there certainly was a large audience at those lectures I did attend – even if they weren't a 'loyal crowd', but curious undergraduates out to watch a bit of intellectual aggro – and I decline to abandon my myth for the one which describes Mr Taylor as the victim of ill treatment by his colleagues and neglect by the young.

ALAN RYAN

New College
Oxford

Killjoy's Lament

Sir, Mr Rothschild (Letters 30 July) presents at great length the tired arguments against pub opening hours which are for the convenience of the public rather than the manager or licensee. I also have worked behind the bar (and as cellar-man and cleaner) in England and have spent many happy hours as a customer in New York State and New South Wales, both of which have greatly more civilised hours than England.

To take Mr Rothschild's points. It is incorrect to say that there is very little time to clean a pub thoroughly etc. It is all a matter of management and organisation. A great deal of bottling-up and cellar work can be done at slack periods during the day even when the pub is open. The same even applies to cleaning. We have all seen bar staff sitting idly in a near-empty pub when tables, shelves, floors etc. are littered.

If a manager allows his staff to drink heavily ('drinking more than they earn') he is a bad manager, though any manager will allow staff to have an occasional drink. Bar staff in very many English pubs are incompetent. Very often three staff in an English pub are doing the work that in an American bar would be performed by one person. Further, it is simply not true to say that most bar staff are merely casuals. Every pub employs casuals from time to time – and very useful they are too, especially at weekends. However in a well-run pub (and we are back to that theme again) the majority of the staff are regulars.

I suggest that Mr Rothschild does not know enough about the real financial situation of a pub manager to comment on it. I can assure him that the large brewery companies are aware that most managers and their families work long and demanding hours. But the money and benefits that a manager takes out of a pub are generally greater than may appear on the surface to an outsider.

ANDREW JOHNSTONE

London W14

Racism and Truth

Sir, I am grateful to Councillor Paget (Letters 6 August) for amplifying parts and correcting other parts of what I wrote about Manchester. I am glad to know that the surviving part of Moss Side is not to be demolished. Still, the fact that responsible black community leaders are under a false impression about this seems to indicate a failure in communication, or a lack of confidence in the Corporation, or both.

Mr Tom Forester of *New Society* flatters himself if he thinks that his article was an original venture; I cited it as an example of a trend. He complains of being quoted out of context, but my point would have been reinforced had I quoted his entire article. Let me spell out the point: large parts of the article could be reprinted on a National Front leaflet to validate NF propaganda, and the impartiality of the source would increase the effect. I called this harmful journalism. Since I assume the harmfulness to be thoughtless, not intended, I put in the adjectives 'weak' and 'sloppy'.

MERVYN JONES

10 Waterside Place
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Stickler or Pedant?

Sir, Your review of 'The Medical Risks of Life' (NS 30 July) includes a quotation from the book in which the joint authors demonstrate that they do not understand the use of the phrase 'begging the question'. It is a technical term in traditional logic and should not be used to mean that one question evokes or implies another.

This solecism is, unfortunately, common these days and is a source of much irritation to pedants such as myself.

JOHN F. MEAR

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Gadlys
Aberdare

Great Umpire in the Sky

Sir, Readers of Arthur Marshall's contribution to your issue of 6 August ('How's That?') may be interested to know that *Baxter's Second Innings* is by the Scottish theologian, Henry Drummond (1851-1897), author of the best-selling *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*. My copy of *Baxter* is elaborately bound in striped cloth like a cricket blazer and the badge which bears the book's title also has the author's initials embroidered on it.

I am working on an article on cricketing allegories and should be glad to hear of any further titles. Mr Marshall may be interested in an extract from the organ of the Boys' Purity Band for April 1907: 'The best balls always bear the name of the firm that sends them forth. Do you and I bear God's name? – "Selected".'

TIMOTHY D'ARCH SMITH

Marylebone Cricket Club
London NW8

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John Carey

The Critic As Vandal - 2

To my allegation that the energies of literary critics are regularly expended in rewording, one or two objections might be made. First, it might be pleaded that what these critics are doing is commenting or glossing rather than rewording, and that despite their efforts the text itself remains unharmed. To this I should reply that, in the first place, this does not distinguish them from Dryden rewriting *Troilus and Cressida,* since he too left Shakespeare's text unharmed in the sense that the reader could still refer back to it. He simply supposed that his own words were true to the meaning of the original, just as these critics do, and by supposing that, he abrogated the claim of that original to be the only possible wording of its meaning – a claim upon which, as I have said, our whole modern understanding of literary form is based. And further I should question what is meant by leaving a text unharmed. If we accept 'genocide' or 'Cissie and Flossie' or 'constipation' (see the examples I gave last week) as parts of the meaning of the texts – that is, if we remember those words at all when reading the texts – then the texts will not be unharmed but disfigured. The original words will receive a colouring not imparted by the literary works themselves, much as if a distorting film had been slipped across the reader's eye.

On the other hand, if we do not remember the critics' words when reading the texts, then what, we may ask, is the point of reading the critics in the first place? We arrive at the paradoxical conclusion that only criticism which can be instantly forgotten is safe to read – or that this is so, at any rate, where criticism consists of rewording. Not that there is any shortage of instantly forgettable criticism, of course. The danger comes from the good critics, since they can permanently alter the way readers see a piece of work, and alter it in a way which the work itself does not sanction.

A second objection that might be made to my case is that my examples, distinguished as they are, are too flagrant to be typical. Certainly they are, in their way, more notable than much of the rewording that currently goes on, though that scarcely seems to me grounds for feeling happy about the general situation. One impulse which produces critical rewording thick and fast, and which I have not exemplified because it would be too dull and anyway cannot have escaped observation, is the impulse to moralise. Novels, plays, poems, which present human predicaments in all their complexity, present truth, as it is truth's way to be, 'Flexible, changeable, vague, and multiform and doubtful', and present it through obliquities of narrative and dramatic method that compound its life-giving uncertainties – such works are flattened by the moralisers into little homogenised pellets of abstraction which they will, seemingly without a qualm, pass off as the 'meaning' of the literature under inspection. Hence the drab cavalcade of articles and books on Shakespeare or Dickens – to name only two authors who have suffered at the hands of the moralisers – which announce the meanings of the masterpieces they have fixed upon in terms of appearance versus reality, or the dangers of passion, or the need for love, or the capitalist ethic, or some kindred platitude, so that the reader is put to wondering why these critics, if they find such formulations satisfactory, have ever bothered with literature at all, unless it be that literature by its very multiplicity and lawlessness provokes them to beat it into shape and destroy it. This impulse is a particular temptation, it seems, to academic critics. Committed as they are to organising literature and turning it into a discipline, they readily come to believe that the function of literature is to propound doctrines of moral and social utility, and from that it is a short step to extracting such doctrines in clearer language for their pupils' use.

A third and different kind of hostile response to my contention would be to demand: 'What else can critics do? Unless they are to be restricted simply to quoting the works they are discussing, how can they help using new words, and pretending that they serve the same purpose as the original words, even though they know that with every new word something of the work's meaning will have been destroyed?' One alternative open to them is, of course, silence. Nor do I suggest this flippantly. No one, least of all university teachers of English, can feel much elation about the volume of literary criticism available at present. The subject has shown a capacity for growth rather than progress. For progress would discard outmoded criticism. Whereas in fact no sooner is it outmoded than it becomes part of the Critical Heritage, and so a requisite component of study. Thus the pile of secondary matter separating students from literature grows yearly more daunting, and undergraduates are inclined either to limit themselves to modern authors, on whom the critics have not yet gathered so thickly, or to pick some tiny period from the past in which they can specialise: that is, read all the worthless rewordings that present themselves. The sort of industry that produces, say, a volume entitled *44 Essential Articles on Pope* spells death to English studies, if only because the multiplication of such volumes will leave less and less time for reading Pope. Indeed, the discredit into which literature itself has already fallen can be gauged from the changed attitude towards memorising passages of it. Nowadays candidates in the Oxford English School are issued with a text of Shakespeare in the examination room, to indicate that actually remembering what words Shakespeare used, and in what order, would be to squander time that might be more profitably spent. Meanwhile simplified rewordings of literature are increasingly produced for students, so that the literary works themselves come to seem annoyingly elaborate versions of what is put more plainly in the Reader's Guide.

In order to eschew rewording, it is necessary only for literary criticism to develop an acuter sense of what literary criticism can't do. And in this respect it might learn from literature itself. For one of the perennial strengths of literature is that it retains an awareness of its own shortcomings, an acknowledgment of the health and validity of experiences that lie beyond literature's – beyond language's – grasp. There is a poem of Robert Graves called 'The Cool Web' which is relevant here and which, distrusting paraphase, I shall quote from:

> Children are dumb to say how hot the day is,
> How hot the scent is of the summer rose,
> How dreadful the black wastes of evening sky,
> How dreadful the tall soldiers drumming by.
>
> But we have speech, to chill the angry day,
> And speech, to dull the rose's cruel scent.
> We spell away the overhanging night,
> We spell away the soldiers and the fright.
>
> There's a cool web of language winds us in,
> Retreat from too much joy or too
> much fear . . .

Associated with what Graves concedes here is literature's willingness to admit literature's complicity in delusion and in substitutes for living, and to admit, on the other hand, the strengths of the unliterary – a willingness which we can trace in literature from Don Quixote to Leopold Bloom.

Modelling itself on literature in this respect, criticism might become more tolerant of the uncritical, readier to acknowledge the importance of the feeling, induced by great works of literature, that there is nothing more to be said: that words have made any further words insufferable: that words are, indeed, the one thing the critic cannot use – as the sculptor's chisel, when it has completed its work, makes the intrusion of anyone else's chisel an act of vandalism. At the same time criticism might develop some wholesome self-doubt about the state of mind which is appropriate to the reading of literature. It seems frequently to be assumed, for instance (and here Empson comes to mind once more), that all poetry is best approached in a mood of keen logicality. Critics can be found denouncing poets for not conforming to their own standards of commonsense observation, whereas it might have struck them, one feels, that it is precisely that failure in conformity that makes the

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poets poets and the critics merely critics.

An instance of this tendency might be taken from Leavis's essay on Shelley, where Leavis is expressing his dissatisfaction with some lines from the *Ode to the West Wind*:

> Thou on whose stream, mid the steep
> sky's commotion,
> Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves
> are shed,
> Shook from the the tangled boughs of
> Heaven and Ocean,
> Angels of rain and lightning . . .

Upon which Leavis comments:

> The sweeping movement of the verse, with the accompanying plangency, is so potent that, as many can testify, it is possible to have been for years familiar with the Ode – to know it by heart – without asking the obvious questions. In what respects are the 'loose clouds' like 'decaying leaves'? The correspondence is certainly not in shape, colour or way of moving. It is only the vague general sense of windy tumult that associates the clouds and the leaves . . . What again, are those 'tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean'? They stand for nothing that Shelley could have pointed to in the scene before him.

To which our only response can be, why ever should they? And why ever should Shelley's association of clouds and leaves be reducible to the categories of shape, colour and way of moving, or be susceptible to any such analytic rewording as Leavis appears to require? That Shelley's wording has created a fusion of clouds and leaves is testified by the fact that it has satisfied, as Leavis acknowledges, generations of readers. A critic who finds that he cannot respond, as these readers have responded, proclaims an inadequacy in himself, not in the poem. And a critic who complains because a poet's words do not correspond to anything he can point to in the scene before him betrays a strange misapprehension about our reasons for needing imaginative literature.

In the conduct of such pugnacious analytic sallies against literature, a phrase that has appealed to some academic critics is 'the primacy of meaning'. By insisting that they are committed to 'the primacy of meaning', by which they mean the primacy of paraphrasable content, critics are able to save themselves the trouble of accounting for the power of those parts of literature, such as the sound and rhythm of the words, which are notoriously the most difficult to discuss rationally. These elements – the elements which Leavis refers to in his Shelley piece as 'the sweeping movement of the verse, with the accompanying plangency' – can, once 'the primacy of meaning' has been invoked, be discarded as allurements, hung out to catch the fancy of less discriminating readers, while the critic, more trenchant and demanding, strips away the cosmetic shell and bears off in triumph the poem's meaning – or, rather a little heap of his own phrases which he imagines to be equivalent to that meaning. Often, of course, he will see that the little heap is composed of rather disappointing material, but instead of blaming his own procedures, he will vilify the poem for containing nothing more worthwhile, and for failing to measure up to 'the primacy of meaning'. 'The primacy of meaning' is certainly a phrase that would have delighted Dryden, who felt that that was just what he was trying to bring out when he deleted the poetic imagery from *Troilus and Cressida*.

But since, as we have agreed, no word or position of a word can be altered in a piece of literature without destroying its meaning, it follows that the primacy of meaning means nothing but the primacy of the whole text. Literature *means* with all and every part of its being and there can be no justification for allocating a superior status to those parts of it which can be isolated by the reasoning faculty. Such a course is convenient for the literary critic, since literary criticism is generally (or generally purports to be) a reasoning medium. But it is purely arbitrary, much as if a non-swimmer were to proclaim the 'primacy' of dry land.

It seems to me, then, that it is a paramount duty of the literary critic not merely not to reword himself, but to contest and discredit all rewordings fabricated by other critics, demonstrating their inadequacy and destructiveness. In this way he will be, if you like, an anti-critic rather than a critic, but he will, by this activity, persistently bear witness to the fact that literature is irreplaceable, irreducible and irrefutable, and quite distinct in its mode of being from literary criticism.

A further duty, finally, will be to rebuild for the reader, as far as possible, the context – linguistic, social, biographical – within which any given piece of literature originally existed. For seen outside that context it can be only a botched replica, reshaped and reworded by an alien culture. Some critics despise this historical effort, of course, and attempt to discredit it by pointing out that we can never, in fact, enter a past consciousness. To slough off decades or centuries of discovery, and put ourselves into the skin and mind of an Elizabethan or Victorian reader is, they argue, patently impossible, a game of let's-pretend played with a broken-down time-machine.

The argument does not, I think, carry the weight that its proponents imagine. That to enter completely into the consciousness of another era, as of another human being, is impossible, is perfectly true. But in what field of human endeavour is complete success possible? We do not forsake the practice of medicine because we cannot keep people alive for ever. To realise how hard one must strive for even a partial historical understanding is in itself more educative than remaining in ignorance, since it brings us up against the limiting nature of our preconceptions. And if it is asked, why should we try – why should we not treat literature as cultural plasticine, responsive to our contemporary pressures? – the answer must be that this is ultimately the same question as, why should we object to rewording literature? Empson, at the end of *Seven Types*, favoured the plasticine approach: 'It is the business of the critic,' he wrote, 'to extract for his public what it wants; to organise, what he may indeed create, the taste of his period.' The trouble with this is that it allows critic and public

The Commentaries of AL

The Equinox, Volume V, No. 1

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no chance of escaping *from* their period, and so no chance of criticising it from the standpoint of other cultures. Yet this is the only way our own culture can be criticised. To criticise it from within is ineffective, because then we are restricted to those values and responses which our period has itself fashioned. The public given, in Empson's phrase, 'what it wants', will remain locked in its standard reactions, and it will reword literature to fit these. Fortunately, as I have tried to show, literature resists such treatment. For books, as Milton reminds us, 'are not absolutely dead things'. A book, *Areopagitica* asserts, is 'the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life'. Blood, like literature – and unlike plasticine – can give life, because it comes from another organism, another life, distinct from and as real as our own. By not rewording we pay the due tribute to that distinctness and that reality. By learning to know that other life we both escape from and enlarge our own identity: we grow, as selves, because other selves flow into us, and add their strengths and weaknesses, their ways of knowing and not knowing, to our own. 'We live' – if I may finish by quoting from Randall Jarrell's poem, 'Children Selecting Books in a Library':

> we live
> By trading another's sorrow for our
> own, another's
> Impossibilities, still unbelieved in, for
> our own . . .
> 'I am myself still'? For a little while, forget:
> The world's selves cure that short
> disease, myself . . .

Mary Wilson

Supporters' Club

The Wives of Downing Street by KIRSTY MCLEOD *Collins* £4.95

Kirsty McLeod's book about the wives of Downing Street is a delight to read. It enumerates six wives (from Lady Chatham to Mrs Lloyd George) and they didn't all live at No 10. Each wife is highly individual in character, but they are alike in one thing – dedication to their husbands as prime ministers. Then, as now, the role of the prime minister's wife was a supporting one.

Many people have an idea of the perfect prime minister's wife – a woman totally committed to her husband's ideals, politically aware, a perfect hostess, tactful, diplomatic, serenely bending others to her will, while remaining completely poised and charming. Each of the women in the book seemed to be trying, in her own way, to achieve this ideal. But it is refreshing to read that, although support for their husbands was total, many of them approached the political scene with a wary eye. Some immersed themselves completely, as did Lady Palmerston: 'On several occasions when Palmerston found himself particularly in need of support, Lady Palmerston came to the rescue with, "Stay! we will have a party".' And Lady John Russell, although she disliked '"clever" political gossip of the sort practised by "regular hardened lady politicians like Lady Palmerston"', still felt that her husband's career was a sacred duty, and her interest in it never flagged.

Others were content to bring up large families and to provide a settled background to which their husbands could return when exhausted with the cares of office. But there were a few rebellions; Lloyd George believed that a wife's function was to be at all times with her husband, and to soothe and sympathise, and this Mrs Lloyd George refused to do. She was determined to bring up her family in Wales, even if this meant being separated from her husband for extended periods. But she supported him in many other ways, and when her family had grown up, she moved to London, and eventually to Downing Street. An episode in the book describes how, when Lloyd George had unexpectedly become Prime Minister in 1916, Mrs Lloyd George wrote to Mrs Asquith, and graciously told the Asquiths to take their time moving from No 10: '"We will soon be moving in again, in any case" was Margot Asquith's tart reply.'

Some of the wives seemed to hold an almost idolatrous veneration for their husbands, like Mrs Disraeli: 'During a discussion among some ladies about Grecian statues, she interrupted with "Oh, but you ought to see my Dizzy in his bath".' A pious lady visitor came to see Mrs Gladstone with a pressing theological problem:

> 'What a comfort to know there is One above who is able to tell us!' sighed the visitor. 'Yes, William should be down in a few minutes,' a completely straight-faced Catherine replied.

If I could pick a favourite from this book, I think it would be Mary Anne Disraeli, that singleminded yet frivolous lady. She joked that Disraeli had married her for her money 'but if he had the chance again, he would marry me for love'. Childless, devoted, she spent hours correcting the proofs of Disraeli's novels, or working in the house and grounds of Hughenden Manor (with mixed results); she dressed in a bizarre manner – 'a fantastic jumble of feathers, lace and bows' – but in spite of her eccentricities, people loved her for her warm heart. She was full of courage, refusing to complain when she crushed her hand in the carriage door on the way to the House of Commons, so as not to upset Disraeli before his speech: 'Disraeli's tribute to her, when he discovered, was to remove the door and hang it on the wall.' When she was dying, slowly and painfully, at an age of over 80, she still went about London with a smiling, painted face, gorgeously dressed as ever. Disraeli said of her: 'We have been married for 30 years and I have never been bored.' She said that Disraeli was a genius, but of herself she added: 'She is a dunce . . . she is not to be depended on . . . she has no ambition and hates politics.'

One of the book's surprises is the fact that, although these ladies were of an era in which women could only satisfy their political ambitions through men, sometimes persuading their husbands to stay in office long after they were physically and mentally unfit to do so, yet apparently the fight for female suffrage received little support from the ladies of Downing Street (probably because the suffragettes chained themselves to the railings, to be at the receiving end of 'things thrown from the windows by children in the rooms above!').

How very different from the lives of these wives is the life of a prime minister's wife today! It's a vanished world, that world of a small electorate and lavish entertaining:

> The Peels were famous for their hospitality. Guests to dinner at Whitehall Gardens would be received by five powdered footmen, while flunkeys on each landing announced their names, and servants in purple and orange livery served food off silver plate.

Gone are the days of political salons, with prime ministers' and cabinet ministers' wives prodding here, pushing there, using their social influence to achieve their husbands' aims. Lady Salisbury gave soirées in Arlington Street and garden parties at Hatfield 'to give her a chance to appeal to uncommitted new MPs through their wives'. I think anyone who tried to influence the independent-minded wives of today's MPs would receive a very dusty answer. Today's cabinet wives, although supporting and encouraging their husbands, have, in most cases, their own work, often full-time professional work. There is no time or inclination for much social entertaining. The modern prime minister has no time for lengthy dinners and country house parties. Official entertaining there is, of course, and people from all over the world pass through the front door of No 10. (I once asked the doorman to count how many times he opened that door in the course of an average day – it was 942 times.)

Members of parliament today approach politics, not with the support of a patron, or through the machinations of a group of rich supporters, but via their local political party or trade union, or after an apprenticeship in local government. There is no clear road to the cabinet; many wives would have been astonished to be told, on their wedding day, that their husband would become a cabinet minister, or even a member of parliament.

Some things, of course, remain unchanged – the all-night sittings in the House of Commons, the endless Committees – and, naturally, the intrigue and the in-fighting. But it's almost impossible to imagine a political world without telephones, radio, electronic communications equipment, 'hot lines', and of course, the popular press. No 10 is no longer a family home where the cabinet meets from time to time – it's a fortress crowded with offices; and Chequers, in spite of its peaceful atmosphere, is also

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used for high-powered meetings; and it is ringed with 'security'.

Yearly the prime minister and his wife travel thousands of miles by plane, train or car, attending an average of 50 public meetings a year. Between 1967 and 1976 we attended around 100 receptions for party workers, shook hands and talked with about 40,000 people (we didn't count the autographs), besides attending innumerable official engagements, entertaining visitors from overseas and giving receptions for various charitable organisations. All this leaves little time for social entertaining. I enjoyed this book particularly for its descriptions of more leisured days. Parliament sat only from February to August, and even during the recess prime ministers enjoyed a calmer, less hurried existence.

Gillian Tindall

Such Darling Dodos

The Naughty Nineties by ANGUS WILSON *Eyre Methuen* £3.95
The Eighteen Nineties by HOLBROOK JACKSON *Harvester Press* £5.50

I am by no means convinced that ladies showing their bottoms was quite such a feature of daily life in the 1890s as is now supposed. The fashion in recent years for the resurrection of 19th-century photographs as a form of popular social history has much to recommend it, but it is beginning to create its own tradition, its own mythology. It is not true that the camera cannot lie: on the contrary it lies continually – by selectivity and omission, by recording some objects to excess and others (the greater part of most people's lives) not at all. Moreover, this is as true today as it was when the camera was far less portable. Unless the future compiler of a picture book about the 1960s and 1970s is very much on his guard, he will be liable to give the impression that most people spend a disproportionate amount of their time sitting on beaches, both British and foreign, taking part in street festivals, demonstrations and other forms of amateur dramatics, and exposing their breasts or buttocks or both while wearing black elastic and an expression of parched lechery.

True, the very title *The Naughty Nineties* puts Angus Wilson's book squarely in the area of myth rather than reality, and therefore perhaps it's unreasonable of me to complain that it is, for my taste, too long on celebrations, music-hall stars and Famous Names, and short on ordinary living – but was it really a good idea, in a book of this modest length, to devote five pages to Aubrey Beardsley and only ten to the whole of the working class? Also, the working-class section is called 'Low Life' and relies rather heavily on already well-known pictures, such as Dr Barnardo's portraits of 'waifs', which were specially posed anyway. All the pictures in the book, with the exception of some advertising material of the period, come from only 15 separate sources, most of them rather obvious ones. I cannot help feeling that if the research had been extended to include even the local history archives of sundry London boroughs the results would have been rewarding.

There are good things in it. There is a street scene in the City with an interesting variety of face and social class; there is one of those splendid exterior shop-displays of the period – a general stores, it appears to be, with cascades of scrubbing brushes and hams hanging up. The bicycling craze is given its proper importance and there is a remarkable page of cycle-saddle advertisements displaying a somewhat alarming obsession with what was referred to as 'perineal pressure'. Two servants in their best aprons, photographed (by their devoted employers?) in a suburban garden add a nice touch in the section called 'Middle-Class Home Life', though I am puzzled by the inclusion of the print facing it, which seems to me – from the furnishings, clothes and mutton-chop whiskers – to belong to an earlier part of the Victorian era. I cannot be certain about this, however, as there is a maddening lack of adequate captions throughout the book: it suggests – as perhaps, again, it was meant to – a peepshow or montage rather than a serious look at the subject. Turning to the brief text, less than ten pages, one gets a clue as to the distinguished author's viewpoint. I think that the 'Naughty Nineties', both the phrase and the era itself, which was the era of his own father's youth, have an emotional significance for Angus Wilson which goes beyond the rational. (I have a similar sick relationship myself with the era *circa* 1930.) He is interested in it, he does know a lot about it – yet his view of it is somehow over-wrought and ultimately obscure.

From one extreme to the other: serious students of the era will surely want to take a look at the re-issue of Holbrook Jackson's book first published in 1913 – the year, as it happens, of Angus Wilson's birth. I don't think anybody would wish to use this book as a straightforward historical account – for one thing the style is rather stately for present taste, and for another it inevitably lacks the perspective which only distance can create. But what is fascinating about it is the very fact that, as early as the eve of World War I (a time we now, with the forshortening of history, tend to regard as more or less an extension of the 19th century), the *fin de siècle* was already being regarded as a distinct and extinct era.

Among this week's contributors:

MARY WILSON'S first book of poetry, *Selected Poems*, was published by Hutchinson in 1970. She is on the panel of judges of this year's Booker Prize.

CRAIG RAINE lectures in English at Exeter College, Oxford; he is currently engaged in research on Holman Hunt.

DAVID LEITCH is the author of *God Stand Up for Bastards* (1973).

David Leitch

Crazy Crowd

One Flesh: Separate Persons – Principles of Family and Marital Psychotherapy by A. C. ROBIN SKYNNER *Constable* £8 and £5

Dr Skynner's remarkable account of new developments in treating mentally disordered families takes its title from the well-known injunction in Genesis – cleave unto a wife, be fruitful, multiply. Establish a family, in short. Once upon a time this might have seemed a conventional act of *pietas*. In the current climate, after Laing, Cooper *et al*, it is almost like running a Jolly Roger up the masthead. Even 'nuclear', most loaded of modern adjectives, is nowadays as often twinned with 'family' as 'fission': the new cliché has come to sound nearly as sinister as the old. As soon expect a kind word for the family as for a Jewish mom.

The doomsday notion that families very often exist for malevolent and authoritarian ends, to perpetuate secret controls, and ultimately to incubate madness, is one whose popular appeal we owe to the gifted 'anti-psychiatric' writers. They in turn followed the Bateson group of family therapists in Palo Alto who in 1956 advanced a theory of schizophrenia in terms of conflicting instructions, the famous Catch-22 'double-bind'. Thus 'boys must learn to fight and not be sissies' and 'mummy doesn't love rough, rude boys'. Hence Laing's 'mystification', the concept of the 'scapegoat', and very soon the notion that malign factors present in 'schizogenic' families were characteristic of 'the nuclear family' *tout court*.

In *The Grammar of Living* Dr Cooper refers to this 'monstrous tool of the repressive state which . . . *in its very nature* [my italics] presents situations of fear that deny love' in the blithe tones of someone citing an axiom about isosceles triangles. Since the 'antipsychiatric' mavericks often write like angels, albeit stoned ones, and associate themselves impassionedly with the patient/scapegoat, their wisdom has become almost conventional. In contrast most 'straight' practitioners seem passionless – and write prose like a man playing the guitar with webbed hands.

Not so Dr Skynner, whose tack is also very different from Cooper's, though his point of departure is not so dissimilar. He too is awed – and what sentient person would not be? – by the *power* inherent in the family. It exists, after all, to create life; no mean attribute, you might think. So it is not surprising that the family 'possesses an equal potential for terrible destruction *when it becomes disordered* [my italics again]'. Where the 'antipsychiatrists' detect a conscious, vicious and virtually totalitarian intent within the family, mirroring the ills of decaying capitalism, Dr Skynner, if I have understood him rightly, sees a group of distressed people – one of them will be the ostensible 'patient' – who are unconscious

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victims of a pathological process they cannot hope to control since they may be unaware of its existence.

It is not a matter of one vicious member 'mystifying' a set of family 'messages' for his own base ends. Rather the group is 'mystified' as a whole, and thus becomes a prey to unconscious forces which hurt and maim, but which are resolutely buried beyond conscious apprehension.

Until, that is, they are explained, or more importantly, experienced, with the help of a therapist. Dr Skynner's preferred technique involves two 'conductors' (he often works with his wife or a psychiatric social worker) making 'a conjoint intervention'. As his ample and sometimes to my mind beautiful case-studies show, such therapy can not only engineer profound, pivotal change but can make it happen fast, perhaps after only one or two sessions.

I have neither the space nor the qualifications (except my own ignorance as a layman, for whom this exhaustive study is partly intended) to analyse the dynamics of these changes. But, to quote the author again, one sees that in family groups 'an entirely different dimension is being tapped' compared to those available in conventional forms of psychotherapy. The same is to a lesser extent true in treatment groups comprised of couples and the resonantly named 'strangers' groups'.

The advantages, in terms of economy alone, are obvious. Some of Dr Skynner's most interesting work has involved his therapists acting virtually as adjuncts of the social services, dealing with cases of 'school phobia' for ILEA, for example. The original impulse towards group approaches (although Adler had worked in this way) derived from the exigencies of World War II: the evolved techniques are well-suited to dealing with crisis by employing resources with maximum despatch.

Some of the 'family interventions' described read like an enthralling psychological art form collectively created. The author says that it would need an artist to communicate the flavour of what is sometimes taking place and, interestingly, his own responses, owing as much to intuitive feel as to carefully contrived disciplines, are described very much as an artist might talk of work in progress. The co-therapists may reinforce each other, they may disagree and quarrel. (This demonstration that 'a couple' can fight openly without the world necessarily ending may itself have therapeutic benefits when dealing with the notoriously tight-lipped English.)

Again, following the 'reactor analysts', in England often associated with the Tavistock Clinic, one therapist may plunge like an octopus fisherman into the dearly protected tentacles of the family, while his partner lurks cannily on the surface ready to drag his partner out when the time for disentangling has come.

Dr Skynner has produced more than an introductory text to this rapidly developing field and his own contribution in it. He reviews major theories for beginners, and gives sufficient practical guidance for professionals, who may include social workers, teachers and other workers in the helping services. There are even examples of the – nicely judged – preliminary letters to introduce the eccentric notion that a whole family should come along to the consultation.

Not least of Dr Skynner's virtues is his absence of sectarian loathing – he can cite Eysenck or Esalen, Thomas Szasz or even his near-homonym 'behaviourist' Skinner, with no trace of paranoia. He makes the fact that his therapy stands at the crossroads of so many other disciplines, from sociology to ethnology, a benefit. He is eclectic but rigorous and you feel there is no threat that his patients' mystifications will mystify him. Above all he accords the family a profound and deeply wary respect, since its final cause for existence is to make itself unnecessary, sending its members out into society to recreate – disastrously very often – their own, sometimes distorted vision of what they have left behind. When the message of Genesis goes wrong, then future generations also have to pay.

Jeremy Bugler

Stumbling on Melons

One Man and His Plot by MICHAEL LEAPMAN
John Murray £3.50

Seven hundred thousand Englishmen, no less, dig, delve and dung allotments. Their motives range from the laudable, such as the desire to break the vegetable-conservationism of greengrocers, to the harmlessly eccentric – there's a man loose in South London who gets his pleasure mainly from sneering at cabbages. Britain, it may not be widely appreciated, has been occupied by this allotment army for a very long time: allotments date back to the Enclosure Acts, when plots were thrown as a sop to the dispossessed, though farmers opposed the idea for fear their labourers would dissipate their energies on personal enterprise. (Some farmers forbade their workers to tend their allotments on Sundays or between 6 a.m. and 6 p.m. on weekdays.) Broadly speaking, allotments prosper in bad times: in the two world wars, according to George Seddon's fine book *Your Kitchen Garden*, about 1,250,000 allotments were tilled. So it is interesting that allotments have experienced such a revival in the Seventies: there must have been a whiff of danger or impending disaster in the air. Whereas in the Sixties allotments disappeared 'neath couch and convolvulus, in the Seventies allotments have got new owners on backhanders.

Among new recruits to the allotment lot has been Michael Leapman, PHS, the sardonic author of *The Times* diary, and his blessed plot is undoubtedly the most celebrated veg. garden in these islands. Leapman set about finding an allotment in 1974, when the national atmosphere was charged with rumours of shortages, a few of them fanned by his diary. He eventually got one from the Thames Water Authority, for all of 35p a year.

From that day, his regular despatches from his Brixton allotment have been, to my taste, among the most diverting reading in the morning papers, and *One Man and His Plot* is Leapman The Allotment Man all in one volume. A new book certainly it is, but he practises a good deal of recycling of his diary passages, a kind of composting of his own copy, on the best horticultural principles of Sir Albert Howard. The Brixton plot, it has proved, has been a master-stroke for a diarist; his regular filing about the grossness of his Marmande tomatoes or his struggle against bindweed have brought him one of the plumpest postbags in Fleet Street, as people have sent him advice, anecdotes ('A packet of [lettuce] seeds bought in good faith from Woolworth's and tended carefully, resulted in a crop of marigolds') and even plants.

Leapman correctly analyses why so much interest has been shown in his adventures on a bit of waste ground beneath the walls of Brixton Prison, in company with the screws and especially the now-legendary Ace Cultivator.

> In gardening, there are no exact, universally applicable answers. It is an area – like football and horse-racing – where anyone can state his own theories with complete confidence, fairly certain that he will not be authoritatively contradicted.

Since Leapman has already wondered in his column whether the NS will get round to reviewing his effort, I can pitch in by suggesting that he manure his plot more and abandon runner beans in these hot summers. As for spanish radishes, they are fit only for hurling at pigeons.

Gardening is a pastime rich in folklore and superstition and Leapman passes on some interesting assertions. A reader from Iver, Bucks, wrote to him:

> You are unlikely to succeed in your efforts to grow parsley. It must be sown by an honest man which more or less rules out all the journalistic profession. The reason is the seed takes a long time to germinate as it has to go down to the Devil three times to ask his permission.

For what it's worth, I, a card-flaunting NUJ member, have never been able to grow parsley, but I am comforted that I must be in the company of many businessmen and all lawyers.

The pleasure of this book is that it is written not as an expert's guide but as an ordinary man's chronicle: it is Percy Thrower not on the page but on the plot. But I do feel that Leapman is unnecessarily nervous about his (middle-) class status; he even declines to blanch his celery in newspaper since he takes only the daily heavies and the posh Sundays: 'I think it would be regarded as provocative by my neighbours to blanch my celery in these organs, and it is not worth while buying the *Sun* specially.' In fact, a survey back in 1969 found there were three 'professional' class allotment men for every four manual workers. The people who ought to feel nervous on allotments, actually, are women. The survey found only

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3.6 per cent of plots in female hands. And I noted that Mrs Leapman makes only occasional visits to the Brixton plot, despite her skill in pinching out tomato side-shoots. The sex struggle, inevitably, must come even to the allotment.

Bernard Crick

Styles of Theory

Toleration by PRESTON KING *Allen & Unwin* £6.95

Ideology and Politics by MARTIN SELIGER *Allen & Unwin* £7.50

When politics is now pursued with such brutal contempt for rational argument, when events and personalities more than ideas and policies dominate the media, when the poor Fabian Society can print three or four routine speeches by ministers in a year as if they were thoughtful pamphlets (and uses Sir Harold to head its appeal, just to prove how unintellectual and harmless it has become), it is safe to assume that we are not in the middle of a revival of political philosophy.

The end of 'the end of ideology' argument has been obvious for a long time. The *Encounter* crowd and those who made a virtue of pragmatism have simply been proved wrong. But they have been proved wrong in a more interesting way than was initially apparent. At first it looked as if they had simply prophesied what they wished to see, a moderate-minded, liberal-conservative consensus; that they had wished all their values to be facts and so were straightforwardly and empirically refuted by the growth, or revival, of conflicts of values even in the West. Marxist socialism, dividing after 1956 into 57 sacred varieties, had by its very existence proved the rival fact of conflict rather than the good bland hope of consensus. But something even more surprising has happened: the concept of 'the political' is stirring again even among Marxists. The old harsh reductionism – that everything is a product of class or ownership of the means of production – is everywhere on the retreat (some young innocents believe that it never existed). Many matters are held to be 'problematic'. Our old friend 'last analysis' is seldom taken off the shelf. The 'three sacred sisters', thesis, antithesis and synthesis, have been declared illegitimate. Talk flourishes about 'the relative autonomy of the political', that is to say about how important political factors can be – within the fundamental framework, of course; but that old framework is getting ever more holy and remote, and does not often intervene in the affairs of socialist mankind. And it is even said by the followers of Althusser that ideology is not simply the distorting mirror of class-interest – it can have a bit of a life of its own, possibly even a shadow of objective truth. There's false consciousness and false consciousness.

In other words, a specifically political thought is reviving even among those who used to regard politics itself as simply an instrument of bourgeois oppression, or of mental bewilderment, a way of perpetuating problems that should be solved; and among others, who wisely never dug themselves into such sectarian holes to start with.

Both of these books are traditional political theory, but they deal with concepts whose meaning is becoming common ground again, even if their application to practice is, of course, moot, disputable, likely to differ, 'problematic'. They are both academic, not Marxist, not committed (or if so, only to the camp of humanity, hardly worth the trouble of 'unmasking'); but the clarifications and the distinctions they try to draw have a general application.

Toleration, particularly, has needed a face-lift. It has often appeared, to speak technically, as a wet concept. One thinks of Quakers, Buddhists, Unitarians, Rowntrees and ecumenical nonconformist latitudinarians of all flavours. But it can be a very hard concept, not even indeed a wholly nice one. The first apologists for toleration in the 16th century generally believed that their opponents were heretics and would therefore be damned, but that damnation was God's business, and not that of Church or State. 'There is something intolerable about the concept of "tolerance",' Preston King begins, 'for if one concedes or promotes a power to tolerate, one equally concedes or promotes a power not to tolerate.' Tom Paine was once just as hard to please:

> Toleration is not the *opposite* of intolerance, but is the counterfeit of it. Both are despotisms. The one assumes to itself the right of withholding Liberty or Conscience and the other of granting it. The one is the Pope armed with fire and faggot, and the other is the Pope selling or granting indulgences.

Professor King quotes Mirabeau to much the same effect. But, of course, if a minimal value, if never an absolute value (there are so many things one should not tolerate), yet it is a value nonetheless. Intellectuals in the Soviet Union may not be *grateful* for mere toleration in some circumstances, but they will sensibly accept it as better than before; and a regime may not pride itself on its tolerance, but it may see that there are many reasons for governing with a looser rather than a tighter rein.

Such a book as this has long been needed. 'Power', 'authority', 'justice', 'freedom', 'representation', 'sovereignty', 'politics' itself have all had their conceptual analysts, but not until now has 'toleration'. The book consists of a long essay on three types of tolerance and intolerance, that of ideas, organisations and identities; the historical section is cursory and only adds to the length; but all in all it is timely, illuminating and profound.

One wishes that Professor Seliger's long-awaited book were just as short, for it is neither a comprehensive study of all schools and usages of 'ideology' (as seems at times to be promised), nor crisp enough as an argument about correct or best usage. He criticises all notions that ideas are *products* of (somehow) objective entities, like class, economy, circumstances, environment, nature or even race; or that ideologies are logically definable as ideas which are overly systematic, overly abstract or aiming at persuasion rather than truth. Against all these narrow or 'exclusive' definitions, however, he asserts a comprehensive 'inclusive' claim that all ideas are related to practice.

All political ideas, he assumes, are both influenced by politics and influence politics. All? I can think of some pretty abstract ones, both in Marx and Aristotle. Ah, but *indirectly*, he would tell us. Very interesting, but I think that in fact he has simply ignored good reasons why among so many traditional terms for ideas and types of thought 'ideology' has reared its Franco-Germanic head. There *is* a difference between the kind of analytical, discriminating and deliberately specific thinking, which both authors practise, and earth-shaking claims that all ideas must hang together in comprehensive frameworks, must persuade and must change society – commonly thought of as ideology. He has in fact written, and written well, about something different: the relationship of theory to practice, and he shows that it is impossible to make an absolute separation. But it is surely equally impossible not to, for certain purposes, depending on what one is talking about or doing.

Seliger believes that all political thought is ideology. I would be in despair if this were so (how could one then think about thought?). But I suspect that such generalisations do not mean very much: 'I am a theorist, you are a doctrinaire, he/she is an ideologist.' What means a lot more is the sheer demonstration, in both these books, of the cultural importance and the intellectual excitement of political thought.

Derek Mahon

Pern In a Gyre

Yeats and the Occult edited by George Mills Harper *Macmillan* £10.00

Louis MacNeice, in *The Strings Are False*, describes a visit he once paid to Yeats in the company of E. R. Dodds. Yeats talked a great deal about the spirits, and Dodds bluntly asked if he had ever seen them. 'Yeats was a little piqued. No, he said grudgingly, he had never actually *seen* them . . . but – with a flash of triumph – he had often *smelt* them.' These fragrant phantoms were Yeats's equivalent of Blake's angels, his spiritualism a form of surrogate Christianity. An instinctively religious nature deprived of religious belief by his father's scepticism, he turned, as he relates in a famous passage in *Autobiographies*, to magic, astrology and the supernatural to help him create his own 'sacred book of the arts'.

The book itself, the Yeatsian opus, has generally been accorded a position of eminence in modern literature, while the eccentric pursuits from which so much of it sprang have been found suspect, if not downright ridiculous. Orwell, for example, in his prosaic way, speaks of 'hocus-pocus'

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and 'dabblings'; and even the most sympathetic critics – *especially* the most sympathetic critics – have been embarrassed by the spooky aspect of Yeats and anxious to play it down.

A notable exception to this trend is Kathleen Raine, whose essay 'Hades Wrapped in Cloud', a trenchant defence of Yeats's interest in 'forbidden knowledge', is the most spirited, so to speak, in this symposium. She will have no truck with those fainthearts, left-wing humanists mostly, who concede the greatness of the poetry but fight shy of the hocus-pocus. Indeed, she sometimes gives the impression of preferring the hocus-pocus to the poetry. 'Yeats,' she says, 'chose, or was chosen by, the new forms of knowledge which, as the Age of Aquarius begins to emerge, seem to belong to the new configuration.' A sort of proto-hippie, in fact, if unencumbered with the tongue-tied credulity of the contemporary mage.

Though as devoted in his observances as any Catholic-converted Nineties poetaster, he was, of course, no fool, being quite prepared to take account of all the rationalist objections to his position. In 'A Subject of Investigation', Professor Harper gives an account of Yeats's visit to Mirebeau, Normandy, where blood was reported to be flowing from oleographs of the Sacred Heart. Sure enough, blood everywhere. But Yeats, waiving for once his anti-scientific bias, had a sample analysed. When the analysis revealed that it wasn't human blood, he concluded that the whole thing was a hoax.

Yeats was alert, also, to the compulsive fraudulence of mediums, preferring those who practised automatic writing to those who specialised in direct speech, especially when foreign or dead languages were involved. Hence his enthusiasm for the work of Elizabeth Radcliffe, whose automatic writings, rather like *The Waste Land*, incorporated passages in the principal ancient and modern tongues, as well as some Irish and Provençal, Coptic letters and Egyptian hieroglyphs.

From Yeats's previously unpublished 'Preliminary Examination of the Script of E.R.', published here, we learn that those who sent messages through Miss Radcliffe included a 16th-century Moor, a friend of Carlyle and a former Bishop of Salisbury. Most of these posthumous authors, Yeats shrewdly noted, were to be found in biographical dictionaries; and when the Moor, who claimed to have lived in Rome, was questioned in Italian, his replies consisted largely of monosyllables and the phrase 'Si, signora', which Yeats, who had no sense of humour, doesn't appear to have found remotely funny.

Laughter, of course, is the enemy of excellence, as well as of pomposity; but, faint-hearted left-wing humanist that I am, I disagree with the view that one must take Yeats's supernatural beliefs, much less his politics (with which they are closely connected), as seriously as he did himself in order to appreciate his poetry. I do not believe that 'pity must be dead for piety to live', which strikes me as a revolting idea, but I don't let that interfere with my enjoyment of Dante.

David Jenkins

Skag Hunting

The Whisper of the Axe by RICHARD CONDON *Weidenfeld* £3.95
Victims by EUGENE MCCABE *Gollancz* £3.20
A View from Calvary by PATRICK BOYLE *Gollancz* £4.25

Richard Condon thinks of himself as a satirist, one who rips aside the thick skin of the American democratic facade to reveal the entrails within. In fact he is an exponent of the current-affairs-and-corruption school, bouncing his imagination off a papier-maché springboard of newspaper cuttings. *The Whisper of the Axe*, his latest concoction of *saeva indignatio* and sin, demands an almost total abandonment of what Alfred Hitchcock calls moronic logic. That done, it's a reasonably acceptable chunk of adult Henty.

Agatha Teel, 35, with an IQ of 174, 'one of the four leading black women in the US', has decided that only a full-scale urban guerrilla war (to be launched on 4 July 1976) involving a body count of millions can get America on the right track again. To fund this enterprise she corners the heroin market, acquiring an organisation of '31,570 heroin pushers, 319 dope houses, 207,480 whores and 41,563 pimps'. Condon is as keen on lists as he is on the gourmet recipes which stud the book: perhaps an attempt to persuade his English publishers to release what is by far his best work, a Mexican cookbook.

Strange as it sounds, Ms Teels seems to think these jaded, faded junkie bums will abandon their syringes for sten-guns when the great day arrives; Mr Condon obviously has a higher opinion than most of the average junked-up GI's performance in Vietnam. Ms Teel's great contribution to guerrilla technique is something called Gr-1, 'a plan for throwing people out of windows'. (We meet two prime exponents of Gr-1, a Princeton man and his ADC, both smack freaks, who are not 'jagged junkies', but the sort of composed addicts one passes all day every day on the streets of any big city'. This might even explain the lassitude of our own GPO.)

Mr Condon has, it is plain, made a thorough study of A. W. McCoy's *The Politics of Heroin in South-East Asia*, although sadly he does not mention my favourite kung-fu character in that excellent work, the One-Armed Master Chemist of Shanghai. Against the scenery of Indochinese skag deals, Ms Teel persuades Peking to back the revolution with heroin and guerrilla training. The women guerrillas she selects are, very sensibly, flown into China by diverse routes; but the men have to be infiltrated via the army and Vietnam. This allows Mr Condon to describe his own My Lai and the US Army to uncover the plot and put their own man into China. Only a minimal number of the guerrillas are described, so the tension of discovering the traitor is not intolerable.

Ranged against the revolution is Condon's usual crew; bumbling, power-mad generals and the vicious, incompetent brainwashers of the CIA, whose tools are an incestuous pair of WASP grandees, one of whom – the girl – gets snatched into China to be trained for 4 July, while the man attempts to become President of the US, funded, natch, by heroin money. Also making guest appearances are Papa Doc, malleable Mafia men, the Secretary of State, venal Senators, ex-Nazi psychiatrists, Vietnamese mesdames, sexy Chinese officers, experimental physicists – everyone, in fact, who makes the world such a fun place to be.

With such a rich mix it is hard to avoid absurdity, and Mr Condon does not fail us. As in *Winter Kills*, *The Vertical Smile*, *Mile High* et al, Mr Condon sets his sights on a grand, historical target, but his attempts to satirise the American gods of power and money are impossibly grandiose. His desperate desire to be seen to *know* overwhelms. We are told nothing new about the depravity of the American power structure, and by a combination of earnestness and lack of judgment his novels fail to be the rattling good yarns they could be.

Terrorists feature also in Eugene McCabe's *Victims*. Whereas Mr Condon's dustjacket restricts itself to telling us that his work is published in 20 languages and Braille – an easy touch, that man – Mr McCabe's gives the game away. *Victims* is 'his first novel and in dramatised form it will be televised by Radio Telefis Eireann'. At £3.20 for 128 pages of large type it reads like a skimpily written-up synopsis. The IRA – represented by a 'complex', tough, one-eyed leader, a sensitive woman graduate, a psychopath and two fixated brothers – take over the local big house, holding the dinner guests hostage for the return of three IRA prisoners. The hostages comprise an upright, unimaginative ex-Army gentleman farmer, his drunken wife, a lovable old fool, a bigoted Canon, a pregnant daughter and an American professor. Lots of characters, then, but any attempt at characterisation is vestigial, that task presumably being left to the unfortunates who will have to portray Mr McCabe's creations on the screen.

Patrick Boyle's collection of short stories, *A View from Calvary*, presents a more traditional, delicate picture of Ireland. The title piece is a novella dealing with the hypocrisy and fragility of friendship – a recurring theme. A famous composer, convinced that he has found contentment and true comradeship in a remote Irish village, becomes the victim of rumours that he is abusing rather than suffering the little children who come unto him. The local priest warns his congregation that the unnamed blackguard will be reported to the police unless he quits the village. His 'best friend' ducks the responsibility of telling him about the accusations. Suicide follows.

Mr Boyle writes with quiet precision infusing his stories with gentle humour and sharp moral criticism, fine descriptive touches and an acid view of the Irish character. But the ironies are perhaps too slight, the twists too predictable to make this more than a pleasant, well-wrought book.

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Television

Ian Hamilton

Slum Pickings

There must be occasions when our telly planners despair of finding us new toys to play with, when there seems literally nothing left to cover or to probe or just to go out and take snaps of. All really serious artists, of course, suffer from this malaise from time to time, but the artist 'working within television' is in a specially nasty spot: malaise or no malaise, the goods have got to be turned in. In this business, a man could end up *inventing* a lost tribe.

Or, if he's in domestic documentaries and has run out of new ways of pretending that he cares, he can hire a snob to go prole-baiting. *This is Waugh* (ATV) was prefaced and appendixed with disclaimers: 'The author Auberon Waugh was expressing a personal view' – as if, when they hired this caricature gent to take a stroll around some slums, they had no inkling of how he might respond. Waugh himself was agreeably straightforward compared to his employers and knew exactly what they wanted him to do. Be smug, they must have said to him, be horrible as only you can be: sneer at the unions, dig up a few really deserving dole-cases and tell them they're bone-idle, poke around some vandalised council estates and make it clear these layabouts don't deserve decent accommodation – you can pick your own adjectives, but that's the brief.

Obediently, Auberon did all the horrid things required of him. He showed us boastingly around his country seat ('the heating alone costs more than most people earn') and challenged us to make him feel rotten about living there. As far as he was concerned, he was quite unconcerned; if other chaps had to spend their lives in putrid flophouses, hard luck on them. The element of self-parody made much of this far less provoking than it was doubtless meant to be, but once away from Somerset, the joke could hardly avoid wearing thin. The contrast we were invited to ponder was not between large country houses and the smaller (but perhaps just as clean and tidy) pads most of us make do with. From the balmy spaciousness of Chez Waugh we were planted in the middle of what looked like the most extensively smashed up stretch of urban awfulness in England: windows out, staircases dripping with excrement, lift shaft gutted and various other amenities defiled. Routine stuff, was Waugh's suggestion, and pretty typical of what happens when you mollycoddle these sunken types. Outrageous, yes, but somehow one didn't feel all that outraged. Rather more captivating than the wrecked flats was the bleak spectacle of a clever man reduced to marketing his antique sournesses as entertainment. Luckily, the unemployed dockers whom Waugh was engaged to needle took a similarly tender-minded view; indeed they parried his taunts with remarkable solicitude. One thing, though, did mar their drink-in with this funny-looking man from ITV:

> You've got a fat salary from newspapers and television. He's [pointing to a fellow docker] on the dole and probably had to borrow two quid to come here. And *you're* bumming *his* ciggies!

John Mapplebeck's *Word of Mouth* (BBC-2) looks as if it will develop interestingly but the first episode, which dealt with Scots, seemed to me thin and uncertain. It was supposed to be examining the difference between Glasgow Scots and Edinburgh Scots (the Big Yin and the Wee Yin) but didn't establish much beyond the fact that they talk more poshly in Edinburgh. Much time was given to the popular Billy Connolly's pro-Glasgow banter ('You get more fun at a Glasgow funeral than at an Edinburgh wedding') but like most of the other participants his contribution was more sociological than linguistic. Hard to separate the two, of course, and the series is evidently going to make the snob aspects of speech one of its main worries, but even so a bit more comparative phonetics and a more detailed tracing of origins would not have spoiled the fun. Still, there was some fun and a few good insights (I liked Connolly's observation that people who change their accents can't swear any more) and some terrible Scots poems. Poems in Scots are, of course, just acts of aggression against the English, and years ago, to save everybody time and effort, Edward Pygge composed the definitive, all-purpose Lallans work. It can be read (very slowly, and with menace) in either a Glasgow or an Edinburgh accent and goes like this: 'hoots mon/ och aye/och mon/hoots aye/mon aye/hoots och/aye hoots/mon och/ . . . foch off.' In *Word of Mouth*, the poet Tom Leonard in fact did growl his way through a hard-to-follow but evidently angry work directed against BBC English (his ended rather feebly with the words 'belt up'). With luck, this won't become the series' weekly beef. Most people don't know why they speak the way they do and here is a good opportunity to tell them.

Another regional study of real interest was Gwyn Thomas's short programme *Gazooka Summer* (BBC-2). With valley rhetoric effortfully held in check, Thomas took us back to the origins, in the strike of 1926, of the gazooka carnivals that take place annually in Wales. The gazooka is a tin whistle you hum into and is hideous to listen to, but, as Thomas pointed out, it's as egalitarian an instrument as you can get. At the time of the strike, a lot of the more anarchic and humorous of the miners banded themselves together into travelling gazooka troupes. They would deck themselves out in outlandish gear and 'cavort in a lunatic fashion'; rival bands would travel across the valleys to compete with each other, playing as they went. Thomas evoked the slightly mad scenes that ensued with skill and feeling, but never got bogged down in the colour and marvellousness of it all. On the contrary, he made it the point of the programme that here was one way, however weird and silly, in which the miners chose to direct their considerable unused strength and their long-simmering resentments away from more purposeful expressions. He recalled standing on a hill with a hard-line militant and the pair of them watching a huge, disciplined band of gazooka men marching down the valley. 'If those gazookas were guns!' was the comment, and no doubt they very nearly were.

Another packed and absorbing study last week was Tom Wicker's account of the *Attica* (BBC-1) revolt and its grisly outcome. Wicker is a *New York Times* journalist who was requested to serve as an 'observer' by the rebellious inmates. 'I wasn't keen to go,' he admitted; 'I found it difficult to talk to men marked for death.' But go he did, and his tale – though as angry as it should be about the way the whole thing was handled – was muted and analytical. Perhaps his most chilling conclusion, and he made it sound convincing, was that the inmates didn't expect to be attacked with *real* guns. Rubber bullets would come first, they thought, and so they didn't move as quickly as they might have done when the firing started. 'The State had less faith in their humanity [i.e., in their likely treatment of the hostages] than they had in the State's.'

Films

John Coleman

Reviving

Les Enfants Terribles *Academy Two*
Who's That Knocking at My Door? *The Gate*

Jean Cocteau's *Les Enfants Terribles* first saw light of day as a novel, published in 1930 and written during one of his periodic withdrawals from opium. According to Basil Wright, 'it became something of a seminal novel for the young people of that time . . . it had a revelatory and releasing effect.' Whether it encouraged incest or just everyday anarchy is not made clear: I was three when it appeared and hence in no position to judge. What is clear is that its filming, by the late, lamented Jean-Pierre Melville in 1949, had a tremendous impact on a few up-and-coming French directors. Truffaut told Melville he had seen it 25 times and Chabrol invited its photographer, Henri Decae, to copy certain of its camera movements while making *Les Cousins*. And yet the immediate critical response was tepid: 'never had its due recognition', says Mr Wright; 'dismissed as "arty" and "embalmed",' snorts Pauline Kael, who unequivocally adores it. All hail, then, to the Academy for giving a new generation of film-goers the chance to make up their own

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minds. (I shall, as always, try to interfere as little as possible.)

The story is that of a brother, Paul (Edouard Dermithe), and sister Elizabeth (Nicole Stéphane), knit together in some perverse, passionate disorder; they share an almost magnificently littered bedroom, though not a bed, and are presumably in their late adolescence when first encountered; the sister is histrionically nursing a dying mother. One wintry day at school, there is a snowball-fight and Paul gets a missile – some claim snow wrapped round a stone – in the chest: he collapses, bleeding from the mouth. His assailant is the school's bad boy, Dargelos, who is hauled before the beaks but swaggers away unscathed. *'Les privilèges de la beauté sont immenses,'* intones Cocteau characteristically: he contributes a spare, if heady, voice-over commentary throughout – have no fear, the piece *is* subtitled. One might interpose here that the strong-faced young actor Dermithe was a Cocteau protégé and the sole fly in Melville's ointment: elsewhere, he had a free hand, in casting, in choice of music (Bach, Vivaldi; and the finely used precursor of what was to become a pretentious fad with lesser directors), in having an actress, Renée Cosima, double up as the sinister Dargelos, Paul's beloved enemy, and a young fashion model, Agathe, Elizabeth's friend, who is unwittingly to help precipitate the final tragedy.

Less confusing on screen than it may sound on the page; and this because one's attention is kept so remorselessly on the Paul-Elizabeth relationship (with its hints of a Game private to them, its glances at a drawer stuffed with deliberately useless bric-à-brac); and this relationship, incestuous in all but deed, maintained in turn at such fever pitch by the ferocious brilliance of Nicole Stéphane's clawing sister. Her Elizabeth, who moves glassily through the mother's death, through the necessity to get a job as a model, through the briefest of marriages to an American Jew, Michael (he is killed off in a splendid shot, Isadora Duncan-style, a car wheel spinning), and her resultant inheritance of a vast apartment, has the uncanny ability to look right mucky at moments, favouring old towelling bathrobes, and rightly magnificent at others. Towards the end, there is a crazy *ménage-à-quatre*, brother, sister, a mutual, feeble friend Gérard and the equally insipid Agathe, installed in dead Michael's echoing halls. Paul puts up screens, gradually recreates their old room, which acts like a magnet to the others; then confesses his love for Agathe in a letter that goes astray. But it is Agathe's avowal of love for Paul that has Mlle Stéphane, in an angled close up, at her highest: 'Paul!' she articulates, then, *'Ah, c'est con-fon-dant!'* When a double death follows and the screens come crashing down, it is nearly an anti-climax. I see I have practically convinced myself this is a great movie, and that without mentioning some of its better comic excursions: brother and sister on a short seaside hol, utterly confused but playing it grand: *'Il faut beaucoup, beaucoup de bagages,'* says she. In cold fact, it is more of a curate's egg than that: most simply, perhaps, a typical *oeuf à la Cocteau*, done to a turn by Melville.

Martin Scorsese's *Taxi Driver* arrives next week. Meanwhile, The Gate are very helpfully showing his first (1969) feature, *Who's That Knocking at My Door?*, which has many of the autobiographical seeds of *Mean Streets* – the New York 'Little Italy' layabouts at their most aimless; a boy, J.R. (Harvey Keitel), trying to be decent, failing to understand when a nice middle-class girl (Zina Bethune) herself fails to understand his distinction between girls and broads, and losing her when he 'forgives' her for an earlier confessed rape; a shrewd eye for locations (a ferry, a sleazy café-bar) and small talk (John Wayne movies). It becomes very religious-fancy at the end but the dream-sex scene was not the director's idea.

Art

John Spurling

The Wrong Box

Bryan Wynter 1915-1975, Peter Logan, The Human Clay, Arts Council Collection 75/6
Hayward Gallery

If ever Roy Plomley asks me what luxury I would take to a desert island, I think I shall choose the Arts Council. There are, of course, mundane, materialistic aspects to it, but its essence is surely just what the dictionary defines as 'something which conduces to enjoyment over and above the necessaries of life'. Even when its particular activities, such as the raucous *British Painting '74* exhibition, have been more conducive to frustration than enjoyment, one remains conscious of its astoundingly good intentions, of its lack of any motive but the best, simply to improve on necessity.

Exhibitions devoted to contemporary British art always fill me with specially tender feelings towards the Council. I cannot help envisaging these patient, altruistic people taking the lid off and then accepting responsibility for the Pandora's box of feuds, resentments, eccentricities and hobby-horses which infest this as much as any other tight little guild of struggling professionals. Profiting no doubt from their experience of having opened the lid rather too hastily on *British Painting '74*, they have divided their current show at the Hayward into four independent boxes.

The memorial show for Bryan Wynter – he died early last year at the age of 59 – was proposed by Wynter's friend and near-neighbour in Cornwall, Patrick Heron. His introduction to the catalogue begins with the complaint that not only Wynter but the whole group associated with him, including William Scott, Peter Lanyon, Roger Hilton and Heron himself had suffered 'British neglect' during the decade up to Wynter's death. Alan Bowness, who contributes the foreword, suggests that this period of Wynter's neglect 'led to certain hesitancies and doubts that make themselves felt in the painting'.

The exhibition itself provides a dramatic visual demonstration of the change which occurred in Wynter's work in the mid-Sixties and seems to contradict Bowness's suggestion. After admiring the section of early gouaches – small, tightly-organised cubist landscapes – one passes along a whole wall of large and distinctly hostile oils. Heron compares their appearance to 'bead-curtains, ranged one behind another', but this comforting image fails to imply their spikiness or their lack of give. As one continues round the outer wall of the gallery, spaces of still harsh colour begin to appear round or even in front of the tangles of thorny forms until suddenly, turning between screens into the centre of the exhibition-area, one is through the thicket altogether and into a kind of paradise garden of soft colours and meandering patterns. Strictly speaking it is a water-garden. Wynter was a passionate canoeist and these later paintings, from the almost naturalistic *Deep Water* of 1964, with its cathedral aisle of hanging weed seen as it were by the eye of the diver, to the ravishing intertwined snake-patterns in blues, yellows and greens of *Green Confluence, 1974*, are all based on his observation of water and given watery names. The kinetic works, strips of card dangling in front of concave mirrors, are a curious combination of both Wynter's main styles, the hard zig-zags on the cards turning into soft clouds of colour between the mirror and the eye, but they are no more than sideshows. The main events are those products of British neglect.

Outside on the sculpture court, Peter Logan, equally well known for his mechanical ballets and his perennial problems with their motors, is having a one-man, two-piece show of his own. Half the show was at a standstill when I saw it, but the idea seemed to be to frame views of the north bank of the Thames in a shifting rhomboid of pink and white. The other half, a small gold frame placed between balls representing sun and moon, was folding itself up in all directions as if lamenting its inability to contain an ideal earthly landscape.

R. B. Kitaj was invited by the Arts Council to buy works for their collection and exhibit them together with loaned works on the same theme. In an entertainingly rustic introduction to his catalogue, Kitaj defends his having chosen pictures representing people, instead of abstracts or what he calls 'the host of art things in the non-picture line', in the manner of Mark Antony apologising for being no orator. But it is not a polemical, far less a pretentious show, containing as its compiler freely admits no 'revelations of that burning order' but rather a pleasant jumble of small, homely finds. One can almost imagine the whole collection assembled on one canvas and transforming itself into a Kitaj collage. Several of the best exhibits are early portraits by artists who later played fast and loose with the traditionally figurative: neat pencil drawings by Howard Hodgkin, Richard Hamilton's 1938 self-portrait, Juan Gris in the middle of a yellow abstract by Patrick Caulfield, and Henry Moore's portrait of his mother.

The fourth show at the Hayward is of works acquired for the Arts Council collection by its recently-formed purchasing committee. With all allowances made for the

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brutal unhelpfulness of the gallery space itself – Hyde Park's railings would be kinder far – it is a gloomy monument to good intentions. Open-minded to any respectable trend, from abstraction to photographic realism, from the figurative to the political/conceptual, the committee has arrived at a lowest common denominator of the dreary. With one or two exceptions, including a recent Riley gouache and a witty wooden piece by Nicholas Pope, this is the stuff of basement archives.

Theatre

Craig Raine

Limp Looser

M. Perrichon's Travels *Chichester*
Crocodiles in Cream *Mermaid*
And *Little Theatre*

On my way to see superstar Rex Harrison at Chichester, I reflected on the poignant spectrum of show-biz achievement, using the trade paper as an aide-memoire. It's all there in *The Stage*, from the braggart, half-page photographs to the dwindled obscurity of the personal column. A glance will tell you who is box office and who is box number. On the one hand, there are the thrones, principalities and powers; on the other, the cramped exhortations of the classified ads ('Happyfy your audience with my Dafterlafter'). If there is a pot of gold at one end of the rainbow, there is a gurgling *pot au feu* at the other, crammed with cheap helpings of 'heckler squashers', 'good clean gags' and 'good strong Club gags (No 2)'. What, I wondered, determines one's place in the hierarchy? What is the secret ingredient that compels Kenneth Tynan to write, in shaky biro on a fag packet in the dark, his magic formula – high definition performance?

There was, then, an element of pilgrimage in my journey to Chichester, as if I was William James seeking to add to the varieties of religious experience. After all, they don't make them like that any more. The Cary Grant-Bob Cummings era is over. It would be like seeing a relic, a bit of the true cross, a chip off the old tailor's block. Would the sight of that eery youthfulness bring me out in authentic goose-pimples the size of rivets on a battleship? Or would Mr Harrison's prolonged adolescence prove to be a tawdry reincarnation of Dickens's Mr Turveydrop – the gouty beau whose stays are laced so tightly that his eyeballs crease whenever he bows?

In the non-event, Mr Harrison was limber enough, though scarcely startling, and his performance was low-definition competent. This theatrical monarch whom I'd envisaged as a fit subject for a Landseer turned out to be something altogether less elevated – a minister without portfolio, say. For the play's the thing, and in this case the play was insubstantial. Instead of the expected vehicle for Mr Harrison's talents, a streamlined French model with half a dozen slamming doors and a good turn of speed, we saw a resolute non-starter that stubbornly resisted all the efforts of the cast to push it along. The producer, Patrick Garland, and the adapter, R. H. Ward, have added accessories like an Alpine horn and an interlude of yodelling, but nothing could conceal the absence of passable lines – let alone stream-lines. 'At 50,' gruffs a Major who clicks his heels viciously enough to bring on a nose-bleed, 'love is like rheumatism – nothing cures it.' Perhaps someone should have sent off a postal order for a gross of good clean gags? There again, perhaps that's what the authors, Labiche and Martin, actually did.

The plot has all the fearful symmetry of farce. M. Perrichon, coach-builder to the aristocracy, is under an obligation to one of the suitors for his daughter's hand. Young Armand has saved his life after a mountaineering accident. Young Daniel, the other suitor ('now that I have no hope of Henriette,' he remarks memorably, 'I love her more than ever'), arranges with shrewd insight that M. Perrichon should rescue *him* in another mountaineering accident. Thus, Daniel becomes M. Perrichon's favourite because, the play instructs us, human beings prefer to confer obligations – a point which is tediously underlined by the testy ingratitude of a Perrichon employee who has borrowed 600 francs from his master. But why plod on with the plot? *M. Perrichon's Travels*, as Lewis Carroll might have said, just didn't pass mustard: hot stuff is the last thing you'd call it.

As you might expect, there is no shortage of good lines in *Crocodiles in Cream*, the Michael Rothwell portrait of Carroll at the Mermaid. There is, for example, the Mock Turtle's account of his education, which excluded 'Laughing and Grief', but otherwise encompassed 'Reeling and Writhing' as well as the different branches of Arithmetic, 'Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision', while on the artistic side he learned 'Drawling and Stretching, and Fainting in Coils'. Carroll's relentless puns make him an obvious progenitor of *Finnegans Wake* where, in fact, Joyce mentions him with some of the sadness which is also at the heart of this one-man show. Joyce's picture of Dodgson on the verge of tears as Alice presses his limp hand goodbye is a tribute to the man in the manner of the artist:

> he sits sated, gowndabout, in clericalease habit, watching bland sol slithe dodgsomely into the nethermore, a globule of maugdleness about to corrugitate his mild dewed cheek and the tata of a tiny victorienne, Alys, pressed by his limp looser.

Here, both acts begin with Carroll asleep in a chair – to show that he is a dreamer who cannot participate in life, but can only endure it at a sleepy distance where the misery of the senses is transformed to harmless nonsense. Whenever Carroll tackles the problem of wife and family, he becomes a stutterer, chewing painfully on the gristle of a consonant for some minutes before he can finally spit out the words. Indirection was clearly a necessity for a repressed man who loved little girls, and the chess piece that dominates the last act is an apt symbol of his clumsy, oblique errantry – it is a white knight, the piece least able to move straightforwardly. In all things, Dodgson was the artful Dodgson, dodging his own name in the end.

Some of the work is undoubtedly covert autobiography (as this show seems to imply) but often the mystery is verbal and utterly resistant to applied psychoanalysis – we listen, entertained and gratifyingly baffled. It is a pity that the production details are not up to the standards of the research: for instance, on the first night, Michael Rothwell was ambidextrous for a few moments before he settled down to write left-handed. Not that his pen ever touched paper. And was it a good idea to have him carry across to his lectern an unlit lamp for the extra illumination it would provide?

And, by the French-Jewish writer Alan Passes, debates the morality of violence as an admissible reaction to oppression. Speaking for the motion are two coal miners on the run for murder; speaking against is a Jewish pedlar on the run from murder. The contest is as uneven as a prime number: by comparison with the miners, the Jew sounds as if Mensa expelled him for being too clever by half. To the accusation that all Jews are rich, he replies: 'You heard of Rothschild. I'm related to him. I'm only being a pedlar for a hobby.'

Terry Palmer, who plays the pedlar, intelligently throws away most of the rhetoric his author provides, whereas the two miners go for the big guns in every sense. Given speeches as flamboyant as a French menu, Mr Palmer eases the words out of his mouth almost furtively, like someone struggling with a shred of meat between his teeth. It's an excellent performance in a play which is otherwise as dramatic as Tennyson's 'Two Voices'. Looking at my scrawled notes, I see that this warm scribe, my hand, wrote in shaky biro – hgh dfiniton performace.

Benedict Nightingale is on holiday.

Architecture

Nathan Silver

Kensington Bore

Adding on to Alfred Waterhouse's 1868 Natural History Museum in South Kensington was no easy problem, and those are about the kindest words I can muster for the DoE's new wing. It joins the BM (Natural History) to the Institute of Geological Sciences at the corner of the Exhibition and Cromwell Roads; provides new offices, storage, laboratories and other scientific facilities for each institution; takes into account a buried, half-forgotten London civil defence War Room and the maintenance of a public garden – all devotedly done at a public cost of £203 per square metre, excluding furnishings, fittings and professional fees, a figure very high but far from unprecedented in a specialised multi-

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purpose science plant. Legend has it after all that Waterhouse's original design bankrupted its builder.

The wing won't normally be open to the public, apart from those who come to have cephalopods or sponges identified or who visit the Geological Museum's lecture theatre. So, was the DoE's request that they be able to check journalists' write-ups due to the fact that the building is an official secret? No such luck (as all know who can't avoid the neighbourhood): it was to be sure writers get the facts right. Let us pass then from facts to assertions. The exterior, fussed over for years by committees and commissions, is of such banality that it's probably a hazard to tired motorists. Museum-goers and other pedestrians now avoid the corner garden, especially the parts of it overhung by the new building – bleak plain paving, unbroken by doors or windows at ground level – which solves by repulsion the graffiti problem anyhow. Facts there must be. But who can say how such things happen? The duration of six or seven years since the building was designed scarcely accounts for the stylistic supercession, unengaged torpor, staggering dudness. Out from the civil defence bunker, this pure unacculturated corn.

In years to come, aesthetes may look kindly on the pointlessly external precast concrete columns (no need for them: plenty of columns inside), joined to beams with rounded corners from the Fifties (the neoprene gasket decade) and call it camp. Today, alas, it is only kitsch; that is, the DoE's architects meant what they did. Why that separately articulated tower, I asked my guide, since it contains the same accommodation as elsewhere? The Royal Fine Arts Commission wanted it, said he ('And we gave it to them,' I interpolate). The tower is a special study. It is most clearly visible from the corner, with its octagonal glass prism on the top, seemingly slung on cables from surrounding columns. The unwanted roof greenhouse was part of the afterthinking to make the corner more interesting, but the 'tensile' support of the roof glass is altogether unconvincing, especially since it's unnecessary. Well, necessary if one is grasping at straws. Frei Otto's tensile structures reached world consciouness in those years, so here is a supportive kowtow. In the tower and the flanking walls the exterior concrete frame rings again that leaden clunk heard everywhere from the gong of banality: a frame not just of cardboard built large, but overderivatively wet cardboard.

A responsible critic ought to be able to blame all this on a particular architect or movement. Here my notes and even official 'facts' more or less give out. John Pinckheard was consultant to a DoE team under James Ellis and David Church of the Directorate of Ancient Monuments and Historic Buildings. At an early stage imitation-Waterhouse must have been eliminated in favour of a crisp modern solution to the new wing. Providing accommodation for two institutions at once was a good idea. The building's interiors are over-elaborate and probably not sufficiently adaptable, but are safe from indignant challenge. It's outside where disaster truly strikes, and London dies a little – one sees how, through overt banality, but not why. Lapsed subscriptions to architectural magazines, at the moment when Philip Johnson gave way to Yamasaki? Strict rules at the DoE about stealing only designs beyond the statute of limitations? Design by bureaucratic pyramids instead of people? That last is too easy an accusation, and the other explanations aren't convincing either. Well, we have the next 100 years or so to work it out.

Opera

Bayan Northcott

Volume Control

The Mastersingers *Coliseum*
Kobbé's Complete Opera Book edited and revised by Lord Harewood *Putnam* £15.00

'*Piano*, gentlemen, *piano*! That must be soft, soft, soft, as if it's coming from another world,' Wagner is reported to have called over and over again to von Bülow's players as they rehearsed the first *Meistersinger* in 1868. The Coliseum revival may have little of the visual splendour of those original Munich performances – Motley's dated designs go back to Sadler's Wells days and none-too-convincing jeans with codpieces still replace the small-part costumes lost in the fire of a few seasons ago. But Ramon Remedios's beautifully easeful David takes on an extra irony where he has to instruct the ringing, extrovert Walter of his elder brother Alberto in the art of Mastersinging. Margaret Curphey repeats her touching Eva and Thomas Hemsley his troubled, unboorish Beckmesser, and if flu had deprived Norman Bailey's Sachs of some of its vocal weight on the opening night, his warmth of presence still dominated the stage. In fact, with Charles Mackerras's ardent yet flowing tempi, this would have been an inspiriting evening – if only his orchestra had not been so relentlessly, wearingly *loud*.

Doubtless those first rehearsals confirmed Wagner's intention to mask the orchestra in his as yet unrealised ideal *Bühnenfestspielhaus*. The trouble with an open-pit reading of *Die Meistersinger*, unmollified in dynamics, is not merely that the words get drowned. The heated incessantness of such stretches as the finale of Act One can begin to sound monstrously at variance with the sunny, mundane ambience of a 'parable of art told in terms of a simple, human love story', as Kobbé paraphrases Wagner's intentions in his *Complete Opera Book*. It was Hanslick – in a remarkably equable review, considering that everyone knew the origin of Beckmesser – who first objected to 'the violent stretching and tugging of a skinny little plot', and the gross laboriousness of the comic episodes. Subsequent critics, among them Wagnerians who consider the whole work a bit of artistic backsliding, have noted wider disproportions and ambiguities. Would a loving father such as Pogner really offer his daughter's hand on such conditions? Is the Song Contest not 'fixed' from the start, and how could such a musical incompetent as Beckmesser ever have become a Mastersinger in the first place? The Masters themselves have been called buffoons, Eva a schemer and Walter a snob. And what of Sachs's closing injunction to *das Volke* in the light of more recent Nuremberg rallies?

The pity of a performance in which the words fail to come across is that most of these cavils are anticipated and answered in the detailed psychological relativism of the libretto itself: 'Was it perhaps vanity, too?' Pogner worries momentarily about his motives in proposing the marital contest – an aside which, in fairness to Gwynne Howell's imposing assumption of the role, I ought to add *was* audible last Saturday. As for the music's invocation of archaic contrapuntal devices dissolved in a golden flow of sumptuous orchestration, this surely represents an innovation in technique and sensibility utterly distinct from the earnest baroque pastiches with which Mendelssohn and Schumann had already responded to the Bach revival. *Die Meistersinger* is, in fact, the first opera in which the music consistently functions not only to articulate the drama but, almost more important, to recreate as richly and (anachronisms notwithstanding) as truthfully as possible, the whole encompassing atmosphere of a specific historical past.

Despite the flouting of his own *Opera and Drama*, despite the recension of such traditional 'numbers' as the chorus and the quintet on the one hand and such scholastic forms as the chorale and the fugue on the other, a strong case can be made, in fact, for the work as Wagner's most original achievement. For all the unprecedented vastness and idiosyncracy of his mythological operas, their development of chromaticism from the decorative usages of early romanticism to a point at which Schoenberg could carry it over into so-called atonality had an evolutionary logic that could have been predicted. What surely could not was the Wagnerisation, in *Die Meistersinger*, of diatonicism: the emancipation of the 'white note' harmonies from the tightness and periodicity of baroque and classical music. It was an achievement to which even Brahms could not remain entirely indifferent and which in various ways was largely to sustain the idioms of Richard Strauss, Reger, Pfitzner and even Hindemith. Yet by an extraordinary irony, it is this opera rather than *Tristan* or *Götterdämmerung* that adumbrates for the first time in the history of music (as far as I know) the particular chordal formulation that was to contribute most to Schoenberg's 'emancipation of the dissonance' 40 years later. At the climax of the riot fugue at the end of Act Two, the choral parts pile up into a chord of perfect fourths – not by some anarchistic flouting of convention, but by taking one of the oldest fugal conventions that of 'real' as opposed to 'tonal' entry to its ultimate conclusion.

None of this is in *The Complete Opera Book*, of course: the *Meistersinger* entry comprises simply a record of notable performances and singers, a cast list, synopsis and brief discussion of musical motifs

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Gustave Kobbé, New York critic and early visitor to Bayreuth, did not quite live to see his own first edition – perishing bizarrely when a seaplane came down on his yacht off Long Island in 1918 – but the successful formula of his great reference book has subsequently taken it through nine editions. Since 1954 the editor has been Lord Harewood, whose contributions by now far outnumber Kobbé's own – an index of the increasing public interest in very early and very recent opera. The new edition adds a further 91 works and 400 pages even to the last.

The choice is, inevitably, debatable at times. Kobbé's enthusiastic defence of neglected Meyerbeer was certainly worth keeping for its period insights, but I wonder whether Rutland Boughton and Dame Ethel Smyth still earn their place? Nevertheless the editor's preference for *Cavalleria Rusticana* over *I Pagliacci* displays his critical independence as surely as his berating of court circles for their reception of *Gloriana*. And when he praises *Katya Kabanova* as one of the most remarkable operas of the 20th century, one is reminded of the magnificent work his company have done in gradually bringing the British public round to the greatness of Janácek.

Weekend Competition

No 2425 Set by E. O. Parrott

Unlike the NS, many papers and periodicals do not include poems. A pity. Competitors are asked to provide poems geared in subject-matter and style to the readership of the *Tatler, News of the World, Penthouse, Exchange & Mart*, or some equally unlikely outlet. About 12 lines by 27 August.

Result of No 2422 Set by The Lemon Kid

Competitors were asked to devise disgusting meals, in verse.

Report by The Lemon Kid

I put the lemon on Fat Jeff's 'mackerel fool', thereby curdling the milk and rendering the dish doubly revolting. Whew – what a week: metrical menus that would make a rodent retch have been chundering into Great Turnstile, and it's all I can do to gulp down my lunchtime conger-eel pasty and Lucozade. Trouble was, though, that competitors relied too much on their own culinary terrors and potty-training traumata (jellied eels, sheep's eyes and various other cloacal concoctions): lots of one-liner successes – 'beans on stoat' from Mark Shrimpton, 'gherkin sorbet' from Joy Haney, 'Steradent punch' from N. J. Moth (50p apiece) – but only those printed below managed to sustain the nausea with real panache. £6 each.

Have some liquorice with your sherry,
While I dunk a pickled cherry
In the whisky we discovered in Cadiz.
Here's the entrée, nicely crusted
With a rich vanilla custard –
So you'd never guess there's
roll mops underneath!

Bet you didn't know that Betty,
Calls this 'A. A. Milne Spaghetti',
For she butters it with marmalade instead.
And we like our Stilton runny,
So we thin it out with honey –
You'll adore it on some steaming gingerbread.

Hope your tummy's nice and hollow –
There's a pudding still to follow:
It's a purée of banana and courgette.

Oh! You're tied up Monday lunchtime?
Never mind – there's Sunday brunch time;
There'll be cabbage juice, and poached
eggs vinaigrette!
NICK ENRIGHT

I'll start with Dubonnet and Coke,
Then, just as a bit of a joke,
Some gooseberry forcemeat
With finely chopped horsemeat
And *blanquette* of pig in a poke.

Next, raspberry-flavoured *pommes frites*,
Fried egg on choc-ice kedgeree,
A hole (without toad),
Marmalade *à la mode*,
Curried *café*. And *bon appetit*!
S. J. KILMINGTON

When we came in
It was yoghourt and gin,
Then a soup made of treacle and leeks.
Next a delicate dish
Syllabub (fish);
The wine had been open for weeks.

Two left in a hurry
At chocolate log curry,
And wine which we drank from a cup.
(Burgundy, red,
Or so our host said,
With some port in, to sweeten it up.)

The pudding we had
Was not quite so bad,
A compote of kippers and custard.
But best of the deal
Was the end of the meal,
An emetic of rock salt and mustard.
PHILIP MONTAGNON

A bad beginning we had of it:
Scotch with syrup of figs was the only
aperitif going,
So we all kept on going.
The raw ox-liver was warm and not, I must
say, satisfactory.
Then we settled down to the sickly bitter
sweet mixture of mussels and honey
Served on sponge fingers.
There followed the traditional dish of rice
and vegetables
Spiced with juicy cockroaches specially bred
for the Emperor.
And I heaving, and partly heaving.
Finally we came to the sticky meringues with
mounds of creamed camel's tripe.
In my end was my regurgitation.
A. BOTEMAN

Cod-liver oil and Babycham will start the
meal of course,
And then Sheeps' Eyes in Aspic with tripe
and chocolate sauce,
Horse Liver braised in Marmite with Sardine
Dumplings (two)
And Aniseed Potatoes creamed with
tapioca chou,
Pigs' Trotters served in Advocaat and Curried
Jellied Eels,
A Claret Galantine wherein a Whole Sheep's
Brain congeals,
Then Sugared Onions, Treacled Eggs and
Toffee-Coated Peas,
And mentholated Coffee served with Peanut
Butter Cheese.
GERRY HAMILL

Assiac

Chess Board

No 1394 Comedy of Errors

Tragedy for him who's been robbed, such as (Harms-Malzahn 1935) the chap who fell into a trap which really wasn't one, resigning when he could have done quite well.

1) e4,c5; 2) Ktf3,Ktc6; 3) d4,cd:; 4) Ktd4:,e6; 5) Ktc3,a6:; 6) Be3,Bb4; 7) Bd3,Ktge7; 8) f4 Better **0-0, d5; 9) e5,Ktd4:; 10) Bd4:,Ktc6; 11) Be2** He mustn't move the QB allowing . . . d4, **Qa5; 12) 0-0, Ktd4:** and White foolishly resigned, assuming 13) Qd4:,Bc5; So what? For so far from losing the Q he could have got the better of it, and that might serve us as **A**, the 4-pointer for beginners.

I took this from Emil *Gelenczei*'s, the Hungarian writer's *200 Neue Eröffnungsfallen* published by the East-Berlin *Sportverlag* at M.12.60. While the author's earlier volume contained most of the more primitive opening traps this one is rather more sophisticated, and many of its 200 positions provide combinative brilliancies rather than traps. Such as a position achieved by my late friend Kurt Richter (White against Martens in 1957) out of one of the delayed versions of the Sicilian Wing Gambit. /r1bqkbktr/pp3ppp/4p3/3Pp3/4P3/2P5/5PPP/RKtBQKB1R/.

10) Bg5!l,Qg5: If Black disdains this Greek gift the White attack will soon be overwhelming; **11) Bb5†,Bd7?** Somewhat better was . . . Kd8; **(12 Bd7:†,Kd7:; 13) de:†,Ke6:; 14) Qd5†,Kf6** Obviously not . . . Ke7?; 15) Qb7:†, etc.; **15) 0-0,Be7; 16) Ra6†!l,** and after . . . ba: 17) Qc6† means curtains.

One of the plums in the book comes from Jonathan Penrose (White against Butcher in London 1962). It arose from one of the Gambit lines of the Scotch opening favoured by Johnny at that time, and this was the position after his seventh move: /r1bqk2r/pppp1ppp/2kt2kt2/4P3/1bB5/2Kt2Kt2/PP3PPP/R1BQK2R/.

7) . . . Bc3:† According to Jonathan's analysis . . . d5 might have been slightly preferable, but this too leads to an unpleasant game for Black; **8) bc:,d5; 9) Bb3,Kte4; 10) Bd5:,Ktc3:; 11) Bc6:†,bc:; 12) Qc2,Ktb5** Obviously, . . . Ktd5? loses the piece after the Q-check; **13) Bb2,a5** Practically forced to avoid loss of a piece after **14) a4; 14) Rd1,Bd7; 15) a4, Kta7; 16) Ba3!,Ktc8** Hoping (vainly) to escape into castling after . . . Kte7; **17) 0-0,Kte7; 18) Rfe1** Stopping . . . 0-0 by the threat of Qd3, **Qc8; 19) Qc5,Ktg6; 20) e6!,fe:; 21) Kte5,** 1-0. The author's comment that 'this provides not so much the thrill of fireworks but rather the beauty of logical thought'.

For 6 ladder-points **B** is a win achieved by subtle combinative means in a mere four moves, mate then being inevitable. **C** (for 7) is a draw, White neatly forcing stalemate after half a dozen moves. Usual prizes, entries by 23 August.

B: A. Havasi 1922: /6K1/3p4/7k/3Kt4/4Kt2P/5ktP1/8/4kt3/.

C: H. Mattison 1921: /8/1kt6/6P1/7k/8/pp6/3R4/1K3b2/.

Report on No 1389 *Set 9 July*

A: 31) e6!, etc.

B: 1) Rd3:!,e2; 2) Rd2!,e1=Q; 3) Re2†,Qe2:; stalemate.

C: 1) Bd4†!,Kd4:; 2) a8=Q,Re1†; 3) Kb2!,c3†!; 4) Kb3:,Rb1†; 5) Ka2!,Rb2†; 6) Ka3,Bd6†; 7) Ka4,Ra2†; 8) Kb3!, etc.

Bouquets for **C.** Prizes: J. P. Ford, H. Garfath, J. Gill, J. R. Holland, J. D. Taylor.

Report on No 1391 *Set 23 July*

A: 1) Qd6:??,Qe4:!; 2) Kte3,2!!; etc.

B: 1) Rg7!,Kc2; 2) Rg2†,Kb3; 3) Ra2!,Ka2:; 4) a7, etc. Alternatively **1) . . .Re1** fails against **2) Rg1!** followed by **a7.**

C: 1) a6,Kc6; 2) d5†!,ed:; 3) Ktf5,Bc1 (Only spot where the B isn't captured by **4) Ktd4†,Kc7; 5) Kte6†,**etc); **4) Kc2,Ba3; 5) Ktd4†,Kc7; 6) Ktb5†,** etc.

Alternatives for **A** acceptable. Prizes: E. Allan, I. R. Bradley, W. H. M. Lemmey, C. S. McSheehy, G. W. Richardson.

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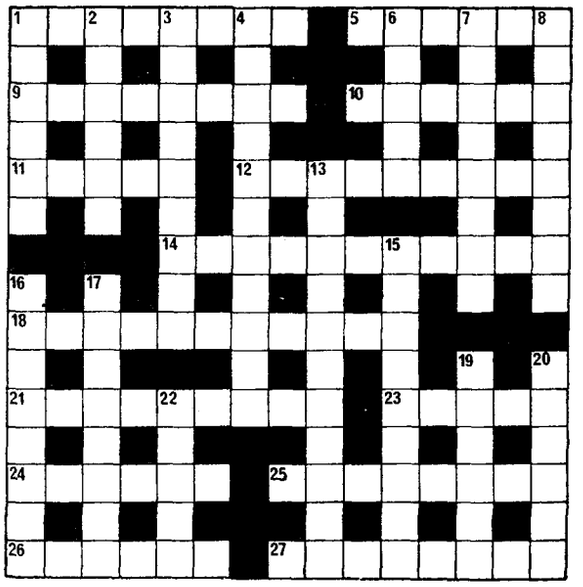
Weekend Crossword 1177

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1177, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 24 August.



ACROSS

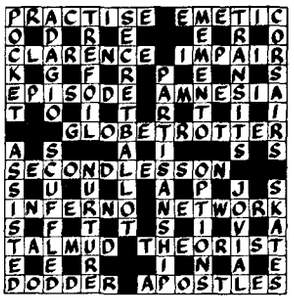
1. A policeman disperses the danger ahead of me (8).
5. Stone ball (6).
9. Outbid by including a hundred in the total (8).
10. Sausage a number of which must be supplied for the battlefield (6).
11. Place in which an animal takes charge (5).
12. Make a mistake retreating in part to lay down arms (9).
14. They are useful in the garden and one could give us galoshes (11).
18. The insect is crippled with diseased back and something painful on foot (11).
21. Annie is confused by a philosopher for long periods (9).
23. Border town (5).
24. 'On a cloth ——' (Gilbert) (6).
25. High point for small vessel which holds fifty (8).
26. Bands as among females (6).
27. Done badly round the edge and so not well balanced (8).

DOWN

1. Smartens up the newly weds (6).
2. Require the French for something sharp (6).
3. Port or spirit (9).
4. Interference in an underground stop? (11).
6. Knowing it would be pointless if there were fighting (5).
7. Wave for the cereal course (8).
8. The journalist sees dirt being broadcast (8).
13. In reconstruction everything else comes before the speech (11).
15. 'And hide with —— their want of art' (Pope) (9).
16. Continuous outcries show that the silent one belongs to us (8).
17. Rivals use metal differently (8).
19. Supported with two pence? (6).
20. 'Wisdom the mirrored ——' (Shelley) (6).
22. Escape from the midst of the deceived (5).

SETSQUARE

Solution to No 1175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Prizewinners to No 1175

Harold Carr (Dundee)
Miss M. B. Jameson (Iffley)
Leo Knuth (Bilthoven)

APPOINTMENTS

RESEARCH INSTITUTE in W1 requires experienced secretary (accurate typing, audio or shorthand) to start September. Send c.v. or phone Mrs Boys, Overseas Development Institute, 10/11 Percy Street, London W1P 0JB. Tel: 637 3622.

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Homeless In Britain is a London-based organisation concerned with the needs of the single homeless, particularly women. The HIB team operates one large and three small houses offering long-term accommodation and support. We are currently looking to fill the following vacancies:

1. **Project Co-ordinator:** Imaginative, energetic person needed to ensure HIB's financial viability and to promote the campaigning aspect of the work. He/she will also play a leading role in establishing an ancillary housing association. Experience in general and financial administration and knowledge of the wider issues of homelessness and housing desirable. Hours 40+ but flexible. Salary £3,000 p.a. Closing date: 31 August.

2. **Worker** needed to co-ordinate two small self-supporting hostels for single homeless women – based in East End. Salary £2,612 p.a. – 5 weeks' holiday. Interviewing early September.

3. **Sixth Worker** needed to work in unusual residential project in Soho providing accommodation for 45 single homeless women. We are looking for an enthusiastic, practical-minded person with an ability to work in a non-hierarchical group situation. The work is largely self-structured and involves one night duty only per week.

Further information on Jobs 1 & 2 available from **Tristan Wood, HIB, Eastbourne House, Bullards Place, London E2. Tel. 981 0041** (Please state clearly which post interests you). For information on Job 3, telephone 01-437 1665.

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level

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Written applications to the General Secretary, **Society of Civil and Public Servants, 124/126 Southwark Street, SE1,** by 31 August 1976.

UNIVERSITY OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA

(PORT MORESBY)

Applications are invited for the post of

SENIOR LECTURER/LECTURER IN EXTENSION STUDIES

The appointee will have overall responsibility for both programmes and will be involved in seeking the participation of the teaching staff in community involvement programmes. Currently four courses are being offered by the Arts Faculty and two by the Law Faculty. Subject to funds being available, the progressive implementation of the recommendation on outreach in the Report of the Committee of Enquiry into University Development should mean that the 'external studies programme will expand. The appointment will be for three years in the first instance. The University has a small Extension Studies Department with a Secretary, Senior Tutor and Graduate Assistant, in addition to the Lecturer/Senior Lecturer post. The Department is responsible for both credit and non-credit activities which are organised in conjunction with staff in the teaching departments.

Salaries: Senior Lecturer: K13,764 - K15,421 p.a., Lecturer: K9,854 - K13,528 p.a. (£1 sterling = K1.43). In addition, an allowance of K1,300 p.a. if single is payable. An extra K1,000 Marriage Allowance, K156 per child Child Allowance, and a Clinical Allowance may also be payable. Conditions include provision of housing, annual leave fares, study leave and FSSU superannuation. In some cases it may be possible to make an appointment on secondment. Applications (2 copies) including a detailed curriculum vitae and naming three referees should be sent to the Secretary, Box 4820, University PO, Papua New Guinea, with whom applications close on 3 September 1976. Applicants resident in the UK should also send 1 copy to Inter-University Council, 90/91 Tottenham Court Road, London W1P 0DT. Further particulars and conditions of appointment are available from either address.

VACANCY FOR TEACHER in a residential Rudolf Steiner School for mentally handicapped children. Apply: Principal, Sunfield Children's Homes, Clent Grove, Clent, Stourbridge, West Midlands. Tel.: Hagley 2253.

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UNIVERSITY OF CAPE TOWN

Senior Lecturer in Public Administration

Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for the above post. It is desirable that the successful candidate assumes duty on or before 1 February 1977. Appointment, according to qualifications and experience, will be made on the scale R8,460 x 360 – R9,900 x 450 - R11,250, plus a pensionable allowance of 10% of basic salary.

Applicants should submit a curriculum vitae, stating present salary and including research interests and publications and give the names and addresses of three suitable referees whom the University may consult.

A special interest in one or more of the following fields would be an additional recommendation: quantitative administrative methods, comparative development administration, public personnel management.

Further information should be obtained from **The Registrar, Room 1 University of Cape Town, Private Bag, Rondebosch, 7700,** to whom applications should be submitted not later than 7 October 1976. Academic inquiries may be addressed to Professor J. F. Beekman, Head of the Department of Public Administration.

Appointment will be subject to a satisfactory medical examination. The University reserves the right to appoint a person other than one of the applicants, or to make no appointment.

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Applications are invited for the post of Research Officer to the Electrical Power Engineers' Association, which represents the 34,000 engineers, scientists and managers in the electricity supply industry throughout the United Kingdom, and has recently decided to expand its sphere of representation to cover similar staffs in industry at large.

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The salary is on a scale ranging from £3,210 to £6,910, plus £312 p.a. salary supplement. Starting salary will be according to experience.

Further details about the post can be obtained from:

The General Secretary,
Electrical Power Engineers' Association,
Station House,
Fox Lane North,
Chertsey,
Surrey KT16 9HW.

Closing date 20 September 1976.

UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER INSTITUTE OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY

DEPARTMENT OF MANAGEMENT SCIENCES

INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS UNIT

Applicants, of either sex, with good honours degrees in management or other social science subjects are invited to apply for a research assistantship in the International Business Unit under the direction of Dr Michael Z. Brooke. The appointment will be for twelve months, and the person appointed will assist in research on management problems in international companies. The salary will be on the scale £2,766-£3,990 per annum.

Application forms, to be returned by 31 August 1976, can be obtained from the Registrar, UMIST, P.O. Box 88, Manchester, M60 1QD, quoting Ref. MS/56/EJ. Informal inquiries can be addressed to Dr Brooke by phoning 061-748 6768 between 9 a.m. & 1 p.m. any day.

PRESS AND PUBLISHING OFFICER

The Institute of Personnel Management has an immediate vacancy at its headquarters near Euston for an experienced journalist to be responsible to the Manager — Publishing and Press for developing IPM's Press relations and editing its 'Digest' magazine.

The duties of this post will include:

Press relations — publicising major conferences; promotional activities; preparation of reports and handbooks; press inquiries; liaison with news media.

IPM 'Digest' — writing this monthly magazine (8 editorial pages, circulation c. 18,500) on Institute affairs.

Ability to type copy, design layouts and work closely with other departments, particularly the appointments advertising department, essential. Existing well-developed contacts with the Press would be an advantage. Salary negotiable up to £3,560 within range £3,194 to £4,656 plus supplement £312 p.a. according to qualifications and experience. Contributory pension scheme, 4 weeks' holiday.

The Institute is the professional body for personnel managers and has over 18,000 members. Its activities include at least three major conferences a year, books and surveys, and public statements in response to requests for views from Government and other public bodies.

An application form and full job description are available from the Director (EMH/FCN/PPO), Institute of Personnel Management, Central House, Upper Woburn Place, London WC1H 0HX.

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NEW STATESMAN
Vol. 92 No. 2369

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Exhibitions

HENRY MOORE'S Sketchbook 1926 facsimile edition and Stonehenge lithographs at Ganymed Gallery, 11 Great Turnstile, WC1. 405 9836.

Theatres

CHICHESTER. 0243 86333. 13, 14, 16, 18, 19 Aug. at 7.0, 12, 21 Aug. at 2.0 'The *Circle*'; 12, 17, 20, 21, 23 Aug. at 7.0, 14, 19 Aug. at 2.0 'Monsieur Perrichon's Travels'.

LYTTELTON (New National Theatre). 928 2252. Fri., Mon. & Tues. at 7.45, Sat. 2.30 'Weapons of Happiness' by Howard Brenton. Sat. & Thurs. at 7.45 'Watch It Come Down'. Wed. at 3 & 7.45 'Plunder'. Over 100 excellent £1 seats on sale day of perf.

ROYAL COURT. 730 1745. Evgs at 9. Sats 6.30 and 9 'T. Zee' a new musical by Richard O'Brien.

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Meetings

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meeting
36th ANNIVERSARY OF TROTSKY'S DEATH
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Speakers: G. Healy (Central Cttee), M. Banda (General Secretary), Vanessa Redgrave, Simon Pirani (*YS National Secretary*). Guests: Georges Vereeken (author of 'The GPU and the Trotskyist Movement'), Harold Robens (Captain of Trotsky's guard), plus premiere showing of new version of film 'Trotsky' — a documentary of his life and work.

H. G. WELLS SOCIETY. Coach outing to *Midhurst and Uppark Sunday 19 September.* Weekend Conference: 'The Rediscovery of H. G. Wells' 9 and 10 October. Details from the Secretary, 24 Wellin Lane, Edwalton, Nottingham.

KRISHNAMURTI, the well-known revolutionary religious speaker and educator, will be holding public talks and discussion meetings at Brockwood Park Educational Centre, Bramdean, Nr Alresford, Hants, at 11 a.m. on 28, 29, 31 August and 2, 4 and 5 September. No tickets needed. *For details of train and coach arrangements from London* please telephone Bramdean 228.

BUDDHIST SOCIETY, 58 Eccleston Square, London SW1. Sat. 14 Aug. 3 p.m. 'Open Day'. All welcome. Send s.a.e. for full programme.

THEOSOPHY, *S.a.e. for free pamphlets,* booklist, programme of talks, September. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

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LIVELY, loquacious blonde, London-based, unattached, intelligent and independent, sks tall dark (?) and handsome good guy (35 or thereabouts) to love, honour and disobey. Box 4898.

LONDON LECTURER, male, separated, 41, seeks kindly girl, possibly in country. Box 4959.

ABOVE AVERAGE m., 50s, not free, var. ints. seeks f., any age with joie de vivre, warm f/ship. 60 mls Newbury. Box 4897.

EDUC., cultured, artistic m. 37, 6ft, slim, consid. gd looking, wide ints, sks friendship any f., 30-45. All answered Box 4896.

ATTRACT., educ. widow, 40s, wishes to meet prof. man, aware & caring. Box 4917.

INTELL. FEMALE, 40s, sks. genuine friendship of prof./business male. Box 4916.

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Performing Arts Feature

3 SEPTEMBER

The NS of 3 September will carry a special feature on the performing arts. Besides articles by regular critics John Coleman and Benedict Nightingale on films and theatre there will be pieces on orchestral concerts, dance, jazz and opera. Contributors include Philip Hope-Wallace, Oleg Kerensky, Russell Davies and Norman Platt.

This is an opportunity for those working in the field of performing arts to advertise their organisation, group or company, *or particular performances.*

For further information telephone Zara Shine or Laura Berryman on 01-405 8471, ext. 31.

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